

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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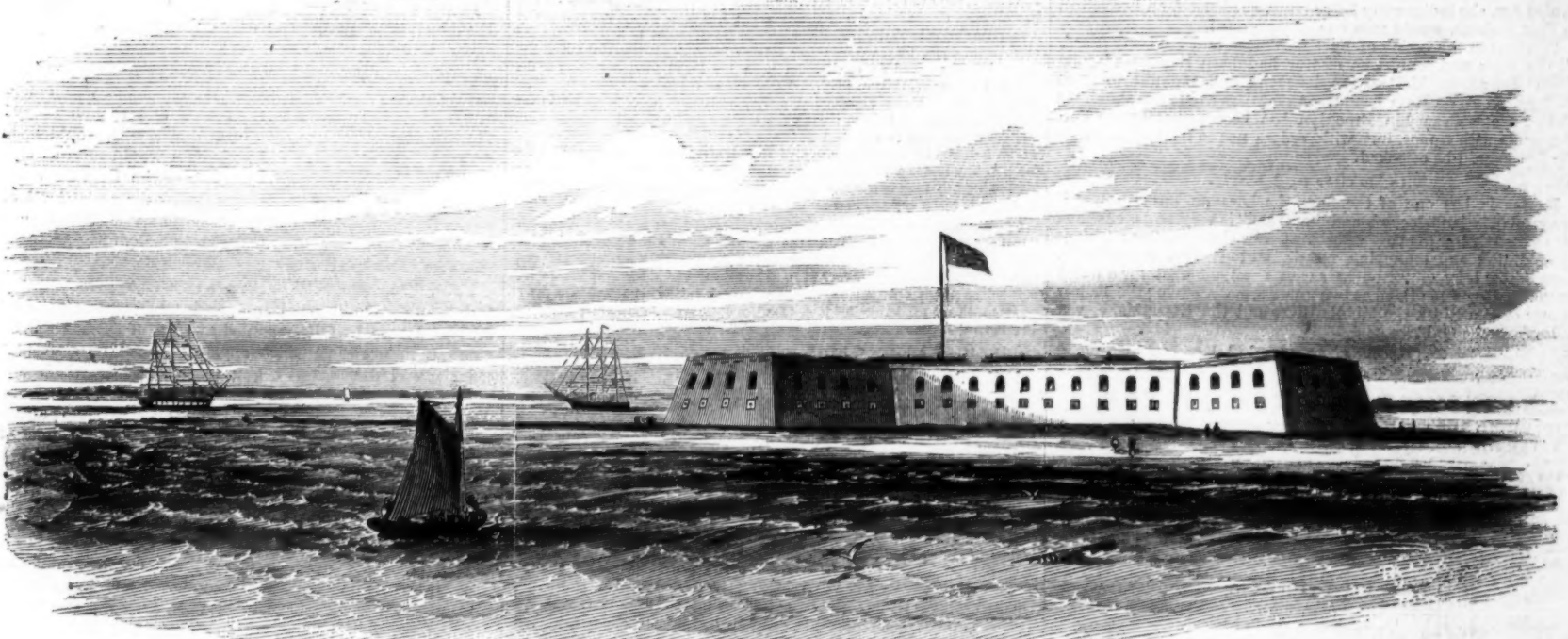
[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

PENSACOLA AND ITS FORTS.

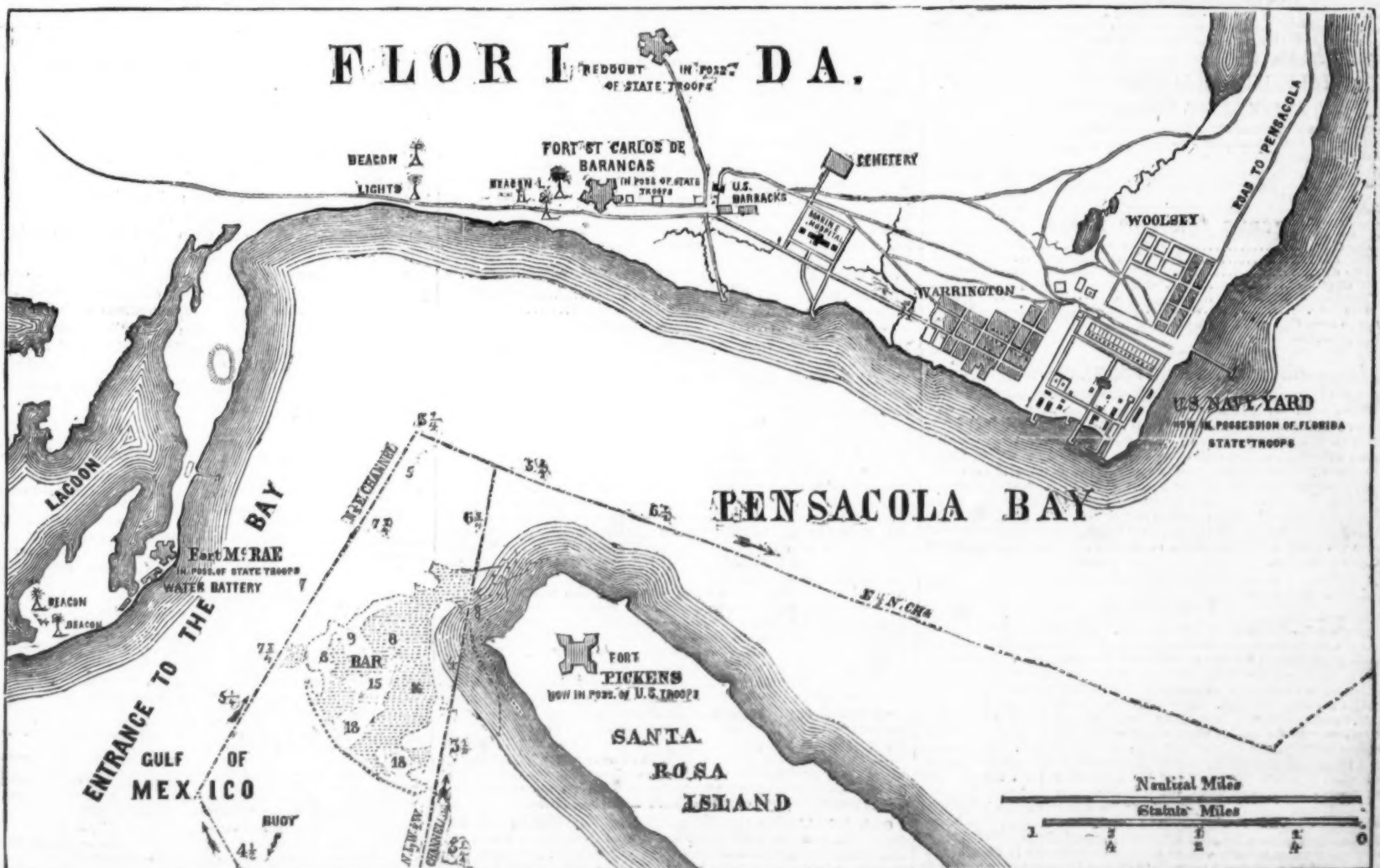
PENSACOLA, whose name has of late become so well-known, is a port of entry and capital of Escambia county, Florida. It is

situated on the west shore of Pensacola Bay, ten miles from the Gulf of Mexico, sixty-four miles east of Mobile, and one hundred and eighty west from Tallahassee. The harbor has twenty-one

feet of water on the bar, and is one of the safest in the Gulf. The town is regularly laid out, with wide streets, and contains several churches, a market, custom-house and three newspaper



FORT PICKENS, ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND, IN PENSACOLA BAY, FLORIDA, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE U. S. GOVERNMENT, COMMANDED BY LIEUT. SLEMMER.



MAP OF PENSACOLA BAY, FLORIDA, SHOWING THE SITUATIONS OF THE U. S. NAVY YARD, FORTS PICKENS, M. R. R., WATER BATTERY AND FORT SAN CARLOS DE BARANCAS—THE NAVY YARD AND ALL THE OTHERS EXCEPT PICKENS BEING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE AUTHORITIES OF FLORIDA.

offices. The Government has here a naval station and marine hospital. Population (in 1850), two thousand one hundred and sixty-four. The shipping of the port (June 30, 1854), was seven hundred and ninety-nine tons, registered, and two thousand and fifty-four tons enrolled and licensed.

Surrender of the Navy Yard.

On January 12 the Pensacola Navy Yard and Fort Barrancas surrendered. The details were given by Captain Armstrong on arriving at Washington on the 21st January. He stated to the Navy Department that of the sixty officers and men who were with him three-fourths favored Secession, and would have revolted, while Major Chase, who demanded the surrender, had four hundred.

The following items relative to the surrender were among the telegraphic reports published at the time: "Shortly before the surrender, the Secessionists were by no means dominant in Pensacola; but Major Chase, through a public meeting, at which Secession resolutions were passed, excited the minds of the people, and drew them generally into the movement. When, under the order of Lieutenant Renshaw, the American flag was lowered, it suddenly fell into the hands, when a loud shout went up from the exultant multitude, led by an officer attached to the steamer Wyandotte, which will soon proceed to Philadelphia. Lieutenant Sanders, who was the bearer of despatches to Captain Armstrong, had them demanded of him at his quarters by Secession officers, but he refused to comply with their request. He was then informed that they would be taken from him. He replied that that would be an act of war against the United States. He was afterwards conducted into the Navy Yard and in the presence of Captain Armstrong, who had already surrendered. Perceiving the condition of affairs, further refusal to surrender the despatches was unavailing."

There at present in Fort Pickens two hundred and ten guns, manned by eighty men, commanded by Lieutenant Slemmer. It is said that after he had abandoned Fort McRae, Mrs. Slemmer went thither to procure some of his wearing apparel, and it being denied her, she indignantly left, saying, she herself, on her return to Fort Pickens, would man one of the guns!

Previous to the taking of Fort Barrancas and the Navy Yard, all the arms and munitions of war had been transferred from Fort Barrancas, McRae, the barracks and redoubt to Fort Pickens, on Santa Rosa Island. As matters at present stand, the United States steamship Brooklyn has been despatched to Fort Pensacola with troops, but with orders not to land them unless the fort should be attacked.

The Harbor and Ports.

Pensacola has one of the finest harbors on our coast. It is completely land-locked, and the "road" is very large, enabling it to afford shelter to many vessels. On its shore are fine positions for building and launching vessels, and it has, accordingly, been selected by Government as an excellent spot for a naval station. Pensacola Bay has two upper arms, receiving the Yellow Water or Pea River, the Middle River and the Escambia, eleven miles from the Gulf.

(Continued on page 182.)

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

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THE LIVING WHAT IS IT?
THE LIVING CANARY BIRD SHOW.
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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 9, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

England.—The news is not important. Two more monster iron-cased ships of war like the Warrior were to be built. The Lord Mayor of London had given a grand banquet in honor of Sir Edmund Head, of Canada. A permanent camp for volunteers was to be formed near London. A company was being formed for the cultivation of cotton in Asia Turkey, the London Times strongly advocating the plan. Prince Alfred was about to embark on board the St. George for North America. The Court of Queen's Bench had granted a habeas corpus for the fugitive slave and murderer, Anderson, who is now imprisoned in Canada, and claimed by the American authorities. The Judges of Great Britain have declared that a slave killing any one who opposes his escape to freedom is merely guilty of justifiable homicide, and not murder. The British press indorse this decision, and it is clear from the tone of the public press that a very strong feeling against the Southern States exists in both France and England. Parliament was to meet on the 5th of February. The designs of Louis Napoleon were receiving much attention, and the speech of Palmerston at Southampton had produced an unpleasant impression in Paris, as indicating a diminution of cordial feeling. English and foreign papers were to be freely circulated in France by a recent ordinance of Count Persigny. The Duke of Sutherland is dead. Florence Nightingale, or the Soldier's Angel, as she is called by them, is in so critical a state that she is not expected to survive from day to day.

France.—The commercial aspect of France was very gloomy, and it was

generally expected the Bank of France would be obliged to suspend specie payments. The French fleet was to quit Gades on the 19th. An armistice had been concluded through the instrumentality of the French Emperor between Victor Emmanuel and young Fonteb. It was said, however, there were no hopes of an amicable arrangement, as the young king had declared his intention of fighting to the last. The *Moniteur* explains the despatch of a French fleet to Gades as intended as a mark of sympathy to a Prince cruelly treated by destiny, but its stay could not be indefinitely prolonged without its presence constituting an encouragement and material support to Francis II., and the fleet would accordingly be withdrawn.

Germany.—The *Austrian Gazette* professes confidence in the duration of peace. It says there will be no war between France and Austria, unless there is a war between France and Germany, and the *Gazette* believes France has no wish for that at present. Political manifestations were taking place in the theatres at Rome. It was reported that the British garrisons at Malta and Corfu had been increased to twice their former strength, and that it was contemplated to organize a militia at those places. It was also said that the English squadron in the Mediterranean was to be reinforced. The King of Prussia had granted an amnesty for all past offenses, a most desirable measure, since it will enable some of our Prussian allies to return.

Spain.—There were symptoms of a slight reaction against Queen Isabella for immoral conduct having irritated the public mind. An address to Don Juan, son of Don Carlos, had been published. As long, however, as Queen Isabella keeps on good terms with England there will be no fear of any change in the reigning sovereign. In order to divert public attention, there was some talk of another war against the Moors, since that tawny race had not fulfilled their stipulations. The difficulty between Spain and Venezuela was in a fair way of settlement. The Count of Montemolin, the legitimate heir to the throne of Spain, died at Trieste on the 14th inst. His wife, the Countess, died a few hours later.

Italy.—It is reported that General Turr has consented to act as mediator between Count Cavour and Garibaldi, with a view to persuade the latter to postpone his threatened attack upon Venice this spring. The *Paris Patrie* says that before embarking Turr had an interview both with the king and Count Cavour. On Tuesday the *Pays*, an anti-Italian journal, and the *Opinion Nationale*, the warmest advocate of Italy, had both articles headed "Peace or War," and both came to the same conclusion—that Italy must postpone the acquisition of Venice. The *Opinion* of Turin, Count Cavour's journal, has a leader which shows that the battalions of Austria cannot be put to flight by a few bands of volunteers, nor can her fortresses be taken without immense military efforts. The *Austrian Gazette* says: "During the last few days Russia has repeatedly despatched notes to Paris, declaring her determination not to acknowledge the blockade at Gades by sea under any circumstances." It is said that General Goyon has demanded an explanation from the Papal Government as to the object of the movements of the Papal troops towards the Neapolitan frontiers. Prince Carignan, Victor Emanuel's Viceroys, has issued a proclamation to the Neapolitans in which he says: "I have come among you to hasten the work of reformation, and to maintain public order. The Government will respect the Church and its Ministers provided the clergy obey the statutes and the laws." The Prince promises administrative reforms, and concludes by expressing the hope that Gades will shortly fall, and that the Neapolitan provinces will be ready to make any sacrifice for the unity of Italy.

China.—The new paper correspondence from India and China, and additional official despatches, contain little of importance in addition to what has been already published. A correspondent of the London *Times* at Peking says that the estimate of the property pilaged and destroyed at the Emperor's summer palace exceeds £5,000,000 sterling. Every soldier who was present in replete with the most valuable loot. Domestic articles in pure gold, and gems of great value, are in possession of many of the men.

Japan.—The Niagara, having on board the Japanese Embassy, arrived at Jeddo on the 9th November, after a passage of one hundred and thirty-two days from New York to Japan. The return of the Ambassadors made no excitement, the people there scarcely giving a casual glance to their long absent friends. According to the correspondent of the *Times*, Tommy is not a prince, but the adopted boy of a common man, a sort of agent or interpreter. What a narrow escape the romantic M. de la Jonche has had of being a Mrs. Tommy in tend of a Princess No Kami-Jami.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

In the House, Jan. 26, Mr. Grow introduced a resolution instructing the Select Committee of Five to inquire whether any secret organization exists in the District of Columbia for seizing the Federal buildings, and whether any officers of the city or Federal Government are members thereof. Some debate ensued, but the resolution was finally adopted. Resolutions adopted by the Legislature of Tennessee, in response to those recently passed by the Legislature of New York, were presented. They state that when New York sent a military force to the South for purposes of coercion, the people of Tennessee will unite with the South to resist them at all hazards. A message was received from the President vetoing the bill for the relief of Hackaday and Leggett, contractors with the Government during the Mormon rebellion. Upon taking the question on the passage of the bill, the President's action was sustained by a vote of eighty-one against sixty-seven. The debate on the report of the Committee of Thirty-three was then resumed, and Mr. Clark, of Missouri, Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina, and Mr. Alley, of Massachusetts, made speeches on the condition of public affairs. Mr. Gilmer argued that the restoration of the Missouri Compromise would rest re peace to the country, and charged that the hostile feeling of the South to the North was mainly chargeable to the persistent misrepresentation of the Southern members. He was, of course, loudly applauded by the Republicans.

The State of Louisiana is now added to the list of Seceding States. The ordinance of Secession was passed in the State Convention on the 26th, by a vote of 113 to 17. A centlike silence prevailed during the calling of the roll, and many members were in tears. When the vote was announced the President of the Convention declared Louisiana a free and sovereign republic. The Convention adopted a resolution guaranteeing the free navigation of the Mississippi river.

The chronological order of the Secession Movement is as follows:

1—Dec. 20.....	South Carolina.	4—Jan. 11.....	Alabama.
2—Jan. 9.....	Mississippi.	5—Jan. 19.....	Georgia.
3—Jan. 11.....	Florida.	6—Jan. 26.....	Louisiana.

The Secession feeling is also so strong in Texas that there is little question it will follow the same example.

In the Senate, on Monday, the 26th, Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, presented a petition numerous signed by the citizens of Newburyport, praying for the adoption of the Crittenden proposition. Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, then announced the secession of that State from the Union, and the withdrawal of himself and his colleagues from the Senate. Mr. Butler then presented the resolutions of the State of Pennsylvania on the crisis. After this a message from the President was received, accompanying the resolutions of the State of Virginia. Mr. Marion, in making a motion to print the message, made a speech in reference to the proposition of Virginia to act as a mediator between the North and the South, in which he deprecated an aggressive policy on either side. He was followed by Mr. Hemphill, of Texas, who insisted upon the right of his State to leave the Union, notwithstanding the peculiar circumstances under which it was admitted.

In the House, as in the Senate, a crowd of petitions was presented relating to the crisis. The Committee on the District of Columbia was instructed, on motion of Mr. Hughes, of Maryland, to inquire into the expediency of retroceding a portion of the District of Columbia to that State. Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, introduced a bill, which was subsequently passed, and a suspension of the rules, in effectually organizing the militia of the District. The Committee of Ways and Means was instructed to consider the expediency of repealing the duty on sugar. The report of the Special Committee of Thirty-three was then considered, and Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, made a lengthy speech in vindication of the right of secession. At the conclusion of his remarks, the rules were suspended, on motion of Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, and the Kansas bill was finally passed with the Senate amendment, extending the laws of the United States, not locally inapplicable, over the new State, and establishing a judicial district. The Special Committee of five on the President's message sent in on the 7th inst. were granted leave to sit during the session of the House, and to report from time to time such matters as they deem of sufficient importance.

On the 8th of January, in the Senate, the Pacific bill was passed by 34 to 14. It goes back to the House for concurrence in the Senate's amendments. The remainder of the session was devoted to the presentation of papers relative to the crisis and a discussion on the bill to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Jefferson, which includes the Pike's Peak gold region.

In the House, Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, having been officially apprised of the secession of his State from the Union, withdrew from Congress. A message was received from the President, stating that he had signed the bill for the admission of Kansas, whereupon Mr. Conway, the representative from that State,

was qualified and took his seat. The Committee on Elections reported a resolution unanimously, that no testimony has been presented impeaching the right of Mr. Sickles to his seat, and asked to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject. The report was accepted. The debate on the report of the Committee of Thirty-three was then resumed, and speeches were made by some half dozen members.

Marine Reform—No. 3.

We have, in discussing the condition of the sailor, shown how much worse his condition is at present than that of the mechanic ashore. We have shown that the improvements in rigging vessels and for saving labor have been most unfairly turned against the sailor, and made the means of imposing on his labor. We have shown that his condition, owing to kidnapping and "shanghaiing," is literally one of a frequently bought and sold slave, and finally that humanity should no longer tolerate such a state of things as at present exists in our merchant marine.

We have also in the most condensed manner indicated the fact that a system of naval schools to prepare boys for the sea, and apprentices to be provided with regular teaching, under hope of promotion, would gradually cure these abuses. If the apprentice system be taken up, and those entered on it be kept out of sailor boarding-houses and as much as possible in the same ships, under the same captains, a sense of discipline and of importance will soon establish itself in the marine. Concerted action among ship-owners, and well enforced laws, would soon work wonders in these reforms.

We have shown the low position which the sailor now occupies. Let us now examine what he is capable of becoming. Let us see whether a maritime life must needs be, as is popularly supposed, identified with all that is revolting to the finer senses of highly civilized dwellers ashore.

In the first place, we believe that the roving, land-to-land life of the sailor, far from being "a dog's life" and a slavery, would become a comparatively pleasant one, freed from the trammels of intemperance, lightened by a higher and more ambitious interest in his calling, and enlightened by the education which might be conferred under a good naval school and apprentice system. The educated sailor, like the educated mechanic, would be better than an ignorant one. Old prejudices would sneer at all this, but there are men—practical mariners—who hold the contrary. In fact, though the sailor is now below the social level of the mechanic ashore, there is every reason to believe that he "has it in him" to rise even above the latter in many of the most desirable conditions of life.

Thus, for instance, the sailor, as a rule, enjoys superior strength and health. In the Crimean War, it was found that the sailors brought ashore literally regarded as play of the most intensely amusing nature work which appalled the soldiers. A party of them would drag a heavy gun along at a rate which amazed people unaccustomed to such tremendous displays of muscle. A whole day's hard work seems to be an admirable preparation for a whole night's watching or working; while it is found that, under men who understand them, a very trifling matter, judiciously arranged or sensibly introduced, will make them perfectly happy for a time. Leading a physical, sensuous life, they are in many respects very natural men, and like children (as all persons should be) they are not difficult to interest—not having the innumerable vague cares of the future on their minds which torment those who lead a more complicated and less simple life.

Health and vigor, great freedom from care, and a well-assured future, might be much more readily guaranteed to the sailor than to any other man, if our marine were a well-established system, in which education and promotion should be guaranteed to all. We earnestly entreat our reformers and philanthropists to think this subject seriously over. With all the difficulties and drawbacks which now encumber it, with all the degradation and vice which soils it, there is nothing so capable of a great and glorious reform as the marine. The strong will and the untiring resolve which have done so much in many other ways to alleviate suffering humanity, if once vigorously applied to this matter, would make good and happy men out of scores of thousands who are now plunged deep in vice and wretchedness. The floating hells whose mangled, starved and murdered victims will some day rise in judgment against the apathy and avarice which persists in believing that capital has the right to treat labor like mere machinery, with a shadow of human duty might be changed to pleasant homes of happy industry. It will come—as all good things will come to the lowly and oppressed—in time. It will come when capital, organized and all-powerful, finds that the well-being of the employed is synonymous with the profit of the employer. It will come when philanthropy, no longer fantastic and bigoted, finds, in a broadly organized basis of humanity, nature and common sense, the proper employment of that power which is now dissipated in sectarian feuds, ideal benefits and a thousand follies. So surely as the sun shines it will come.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

A Bill is now pending before the House of Representatives of great public utility, it is for the establishment of a daily mail to the Pacific in twenty days' running time. Mr. Coffey proposes that Denver and Salt Lake City shall be supplied with postal matter twice a week. It is not impossible that, in such exact times as the present, a measure, which has merely the public good to recommend it, may not have sufficient vitality to force its own passage through; but there is the faint chance that the immense scope such a route will afford for official plunder and legislative corruption, may help it through the Pilgrim's Progress of Congress. The nation could tolerate a little stealing for so great a blessing as a daily link to California and our Pacific possessions.

It would seem, from the course taken by certain abolition journals, that they were as determined to force Secession as the Cotton States. Every day they indulge in better tirades, and abuse the more moderate men of their own party. One of them, in its editorial columns, on the 28th, says:

"We hear that Gen. Scott declares that he can hold the Capital for twenty-four hours against tall comers, and that within that time he can procure from the North fifty thousand men. That a tenth part of this number could be so speedily placed in Washington, even if their passage was unobstructed, we are inclined to doubt. But how if the militia of the District fraternize with the seceders? How if treachery is a work all around him, among those on whom he chiefly relies? How if the bridges of Maryland are broken to prevent the passage of the troops from the North, and the telegraph wires are cut and the mails to the North stopped, while by secret concert the cavalry of Virginia and troops from the South generally are concentrated upon Washington?"

This is only saying, in other words, that everybody is on the side of the party thus about to seize the Federal Capital. If such be the case, even Field-Marshal Greeley at the head of the Tribune Zouaves cannot save Washington!

The Coming of the Ghost in "Hamlet" is the fifth act of that remarkable play, could not have more astonished the public than has the stalking in of John Minor Bates's bedfellow, John Tyler. When Mr. Buchanan's Irish Cerberus announced him as "Mr. Tyler, please yer honor!" the Old Public Functionary asked "What Tyler?" Paddy, who had been reading "Caswell's

Illustrated History of England," thought he meant Wat Tyler, the great rebel. "Faith," said he, "yer honor, that Tyler has been dead long ago!" "I thought so," replied the venerable President. All of a sudden, Paddy blazed with intelligence. "By the powers, I dare say it's Teddy the Tiler I saw him at Barnum's Museum last week!" When, however, it was ascertained that it was his *Accidency* the Tyler, the face of his Excellency grew dimly like our portraits in the February number of the *Budget*? What passed between the Accident and the Excellent is matter of history.

A Correspondent sends us a laughable instance of political prejudice. He was seated in the Hoboken ferry boat, when his attention was drawn to two gentlemen, who were talking over the trial of Jackalow for the murder of Captain Lees. Upon one of them happening to say that the distinguished poet and traveller, Bayard Taylor, had been examined as a witness, he drew out, "Waal, I always thought that chap knew something of the murder!" It will be remembered that Bayard Taylor was examined as to whether he could identify Jackalow, the prisoner, as the one he had seen in Japan, when on board the *Mississippi*, and who was known as Sam Patch. Taylor merely testified to his being the same man.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Eternal Fitness of Things—An Exploded Fallacy.

It is all very well for philosophers and divines to enlarge upon the eternal fitness of things, but our everyday experience teaches us the absurdity of such a theory. As long as things fit they fit, and as long as their relative sizes do not alter the fit is eternal of course; but we should like a philosopher to get a good-sized Mercer potato into an eggcup, or a divine tuck up a modern belle in full dress, crinoline and all, into our grandmother's sedan chair. We cannot cover up a pyramid of C heaps with a teacup, nor put a moderately sized elephant into our breeches' pocket. We cannot get the huge paws of an unterrified Democrat into *Jowin's* slacks nor his sprawling feet into *Brooks's* sevens; we cannot get a quart of Bourbon into a p at bottle unless we drink the over-ropes upon the spot, and that would be whipping the devil round the stomp. We should like to be able to recognize the "eternal fitness" in young "Tiptop's" inheriting a mill to a, while Tom Hiker gets only the bequest of his father's debts; or in Sam Snediker getting not only a sweet, pretty wife, but fifty thousand dollars to boot, while Harry Riggold gets nothing but the wife, and not much of that to speak of.

We met with a striking instance of the utter falseness of the principle endeavored to be thrust down our throats without any forethought as to the size of our swallow. A few days since we made one of twenty-three "going up" in a Third Avenue Railroad car. Singular to say, we were all seated, a circumstance so remarkable, that we stopped the conductor and asked him how it was. He replied that it was because there was no one else in the car! Curious that so simple and natural a solution should have escaped us! There were twelve passengers on our side, one over the usual number, and the "fit" was certainly pretty tight if not eternal. The car stopped several times to take up passengers, who, seeing all the seats full, remained upon the platform. At last a lady on our side—my next neighbor—rose to get out. She was of the frailest proportions, a mere child in figure—she was, in short, the small human entering wedge that "sited" us so compactly, and we need hardly say that that natural expansion of artificially compressed bodies would have filled up the space left vacant by the removal of that very small body. But before that expansion took place, the conductor said, "There's a seat inside, sir!" We all groaned slightly, and did not relax into round ease, but we wondered what shadow of a full-grown man could find a balancing point in that six inches of space?

The car door was darkened, it was filled, and the object, not being able to advance full front, came sideways through. It was a man five feet ten inches high, weighing full three hundred pounds, and at least three feet in breadth, eye measurement!

"Good heavens!" I said, and shuddered. He was a mild creature, and filled up the middle of the floor, and to his credit be it spoken, he looked a little ashamed of his size, and seemed tolerably embarrassed. He cast his eyes up and down both sides of the car, but did not appear to derive much comfort from the prolonged survey; and thinking, perhaps, that he had misunderstood the words of the conductor, he turned to him with that appealing and self-mortifying look so peculiar to the adipose. Conductors, as a class, are not given to excessive garrulity, they are not sufficiently paid for what they are obliged to do, and we need not say that civility is not one of their obligations of office. The appealing look was answered by a motion, which pointed to the spot by his side.

The gelatinous creature followed the direction, and his eyes lighted on the spot. At first the expression of his face was doubtful; he was evidently turning over in his oleaginous mind the possibility of compressing three solid square feet into spare six inches. But in a moment it was evident that he had calculated the difficulties, and was determined to overcome them. We caught a ray from a self-satisfied smile which illumined his face as he turned his back on us, saying, "I guess I shall fit!" and commenced lowering two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois upon that doomed spot. We thought of the cotton press, of the gigantic steam trip hammer, and we slipped from under the impending annihilation. As we jumped from the car we heard a *thud* which shook every timber of the vehicle and brought the horses up-standing, as though both the breaks were down.

Eternal fitness! where should we have been had we placed a blind reliance upon that monstrous fallacy?

A correspondent forwards to us the following poem, which he says he found in MS. among his papers. It was addressed to Lord Byron by Mrs. Elliott, a Scottish lady, shortly after the appearance of his "Eastern Tales." The gentle and womanly rebukes contained in the lines, combined with the apparent admiring appreciation of the writer, moved the noble poet, who replied by sending to her address the "Eastern Tales," with his compliments:

Know'st thou the land of the mountain and flood,
Where the pines of the forest for ages have stood;
Where the eagle comes forth on the wings of the storm,
And her young ones are rocked on the high Carr-gorm?

Know'st thou the land where the cold Celtic wave
Encircles the hills which her blue waters lave;
Where the virgins are pure as the gems of the sea,
And their spirits are light and their actions are free?

Know'st thou the land where the sun's ling'ring ray
Streaks with gold the horizon till dawns the new day,
While the cold, feeble beam which he sheds on their night
Scarcely breaks through the gloom of the long sombre night?

'Tis the land of thy sire—'tis the land of thy youth,
Where first thy young heart glowed with honor and truth,
Where the wild fire of genius first caught thy young soul,
And thy feet and thy fancy roamed free from control.

Ah! why does thy fancy still dwell on those climes,
Where love leads to madness, and madness to crimes,
Where courage itself is more savage than brave,
Where man is a despot, and woman a slave?

Though soft are the breezes and rich the perfumes,
And 'tis fair the gardens of Gaul in their bloom,
Can the roses they twine, or the vines which they rear,
Speak peace to the breast of suspicion and fear?

Let Phœbus' bright ray gl'd the Ægean wave—
But say, can it brighten the lot of the slave?
Or all that is beautiful in nature impart
One virtue to soften the Moslem's proud heart?

Ah, no! 'tis the magic which glows in thy strain
Gives soul to the action and life to the scene;
And the deeds which they do, and the tales which they tell,
Enchant us alone by the power of thy spell!

And is there no spell in thy own native earth?
I see no tall and rent in the spot of thy birth?
Are its hills and its valleys, its heaths and its braes,
Less worthy as themes of a true poet's lays?

Are the daughters of Britain less worthy thy care—
Less soft than Zuleika less bright than Gulnare?
Are her sons the less honored, her warriors less brave,
Than the slaves of a prince, who himself is a slave?

Then strike thy wild harp, let it swell with the strain!
Let the mighty in arms live and conquer again;
Their deeds and their glory thy lay shall prolong,
And the fame of thy country shall live in the song.

Though the proud wreath of victory round heroes may twine,
'Tis the poet that crowns them with honor divine;
And thy laurels, Pelides, had sunk in thy tomb,
Had the Bards not preserved them immortal in bloom.

More Military Aid for Gov. Morgan—Patriots at a Discount.

The following letter, which has just reached us, speaks for itself, not very clearly to be sure, but style is of no consequence when the heart of the Patriot is bursting with irrepressible enthusiasm:

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

DEAR MR. GOSSIP—SIR: When the tocsin of war is sounding throughout the land, it behoves, yes, it behoves every patriotic and loyal, yes, loyal citizen, to stand ready with hands in his arms, yes, arms in his hands, in defence of the Constitution, yes, the Constitution, and so on. I have been sublimely impressed, yes, sublimely impressed, with the—so to speak, the immensity and the solemnity, yes, the solemnity and immensity of the crisis which has—just now crisscrossed, yes, crisscrossed, I see one-half, yes, one-half—that is, one-half geographically and climatologically, yes, climatologically considered—yes, one-half of our glorious Union, yes, glorious, slipping away, yes, slipping away, into—so to speak, adumbrous chaos, yes, adumbrous. Shall I—land by unmoved, yes, unmoved, and see the red heel of the soldier, yes, his red heel, trample out the life-blood, yes, the life-blood, of my countrymen, in a—so to speak, fratricidal and suicidal, yes, suicidal war? No! yes, No!

But to the point sir; yes, to the point. My name is Tidler, yes, Tom Tidler, and I here make a solemn offering, yes, a solemn offering, of myself and all my friends to Governor Morgan, to serve in defence of the Constitution, yes, the Constitution, and to die if necessary, yes, if necessary, in the cause of the—so to speak, home of the brave and the land, yes, the land of the free. I am a great-hearted man, and full of—so to speak, magnificent aspirations, and in cases of great emergency, yes, great, I give away my friends and their property as freely, yes, their property more freely than my own.

From my language you may think me a large man, yes, large; but I'm not, yes, not; though—so to speak, I'm not so confoundedly small, yes, confoundedly, as militia General F—er so abominably—so to speak, abominably tall as Major-General Scott. I've taken a deep interest in the national calamity, yes, calamity, and have made the world—so to speak, know my sentiments. I know everybody, yes, everybody on Broadway, and I have sounded them, yes, sounded them, on the—so to speak, subjects of national defence and the duties, yes, duties, of American citizens, yes, American citizens. I meet the boys every day—yes, every day—I stop them all, and rattle on—so to speak, rattle and fascinate. Only yesterday, yes, yesterday, I met living—(one Brown, and told him all I knew, yes, all I knew, and boldly suggested—so to speak, spontaneous volunteering, yes, volunteering. He smiled upon me, and shook my hand warmly and hurriedly, yes, hurriedly, saying, "Tidler, you're an enthusiastic ass." Several other fellows, yes, fellows, were in fact—so to speak, equally cordial, yes, cordial, and said much about the same thing, yes, much about the same thing. So I feel no hesitation in this publicly, yes, publicly, offering the services of myself and my friends, yes, friends, to defend the homes of our childish recollections, yes, childish, in the—so to speak, present crisscrossed state of the country.

I have the honor—so to speak,

To remain, yes, remain, yours,

TOM TIDLER.

Livingstone Brown was evidently correct, and Mr. T. Tidler is—so to speak, one of those weak, vain, fussy, little-important men who make a bunkum reputation for themselves by pompously parading their names with names of men individually or collectively important. It is a cheap, impertinent method, and, like other cheap things, is at once nasty and ridiculous.

"No You Don't."—How Science Overcame Strength.

There are few luxuries in life greater than having your pocket picked. The Great Alexander, with all his advantages, was denied that crowning mundane delectation. We should hardly realize the blessing of pockets if we did not now and then have somebody else's hand in them! When anything is too securely our own, we long for some fellow to dispute our right, that we may defend it and realize the advantages of actual possession. In short, in being robbed we are taught a lesson in philosophy, and learn the value of what we had and did not much prize, by what we have not and vain would have.

We were robbed in the pride of our strength, yes, verily, in the midst of a boastful spirit our worldly possessions were taken from us. It was after this fashion.

The night was dark and tempestuous; the rain poured down in torrents and flustered up the snow which lay thick and mushy on the ground. It was near midnight (about seven P.M.) when we left our office bound homeward. We waited while three or four carriages passed by literally loaded down with damp overcoats. We saw that it was useless to wait, so we braved the storm and posted down towards the Astor House, to take an empty car as it arrived. We met with an eager crowd bound on the same errand. There was to be a rush for it, that was clear, so we buttoned up our double overcoat and girded up our loins for the fray.

Down rushed the car; we made a dash at it and missed, and found ourselves floundering up to our knees in slush. We gathered up ourselves quickly and seized hold of one of the iron, with one foot upon the step. The crowd was eager and determined, and a strong arm was thrust under ours, the hand also grasping the iron, and an endeavor was made to dispossess us of our position. The struggle was not long, but it was strong. At every fresh effort we self-sufficiently exclaimed, "No you don't!" and we did not budge an inch. In an instant the crush ceased, and we quietly entered the car, just in time to find a place to stand up in.

When the conductor came for his small append, we put our hand in our pocket for our wallet, and it was not there. We suffered a slight spasmodic smile and tried the other pocket with equal success. We began to have grave doubts, and searched the under coat and then the upper coat. Our doubts were now certain— we had been robbed. Our confidence in human nature was destroyed, and we scowled upon our fellow-passengers with a concentrated look of disgust and suspicion. Our angry imagination pictured the whole lot chained together, two and two, and marching straight off for the Tombs!

But the ridiculous point of the affair suddenly struck us, and we could not help laughing as we fancied how, while we were valorously maintaining our position and saying defiantly, "No you don't," the scientific rascal, as he illegally conveyed our pocket book, chuckled to himself, "Don't I though!" So we both had our joke, but science had rather the best of it. Still the villain did not know that he had robbed an editor until he examined the contents of his prize, when we will bet a trifle that he made some very contemptuous and disrespectful remarks about the whole craft.

A valued correspondent sends us the following, upon reading that the Secession of Alabama, Florida, South Carolina and Mississippi had been received with great rejoicings in New Orleans, Mobile, &c.:

The echoes of the Past have scarcely died
Which told our triumph o'er a Tyrant's pride,
And our proud Flag, to the glad breeze unfurled,
Rallied to Freedom's fight a struggling world—
When about on about proclaim that banner riven,
And half its glorious stars torn from our Heaven!
Oh, fatal madness! one brief hour's undone
The mighty work of our great Washington!

Something New to Sing and Play.

It would be as easy to count the leaves on the trees or the sands on the seashore, as to keep our readers au courant of all the new music, good, bad and worse, that is published in the North and East. Much of it meets an early death; it dies unwet, unheeded, and let us hope unused. Were we critically inclined, or rather had we the time and space to spare, there is no more fruitful field for the critic's sweeping scythe than the new music recklessly issued, regardless of time, taste or grammar. But luckily the small trash dies out quickly—we have scarcely time to notice it before it is gone. Like tares in a wheat-field, it springs up, does its baleful mission, and withers contemptibly. We blush for our original (?) music; nine-tenths of it is beneath contempt. In no other country in the world could such badly made harbes find a cook to serve them up to the public, but here our cooks are democratic, and the *vox populi* is the arbiter of taste, and the greater the twaddle the readier the sale.

We do not deny that there is ability in the country, but there is no chance for its exposition. Artistic excellence is a certain bar to success with our large publishing houses. There are a few honorable exceptions, but they are forced exceptions, the composers being in every instance public performers, whose playing or singing makes their works known, and public opinion demands their publication.

Luckily for the intelligent and refined people, we have an endless field for picking and stealing. The publishers' catalogues of Germany, England, France and Italy are open to us, and the use we make of them is neither little nor tardy. It is true we do not pay for the privilege, and why should we pay when stealing is so easy and the law cannot touch us? Besides, after all, it is not stealing, for do we not offer our catalogues in exchange? Our nigger repertoire is immense, stupendous, and we would like to see Europe

match it. Let them take what they like and sing it and play it at their Philharmonics and opera concerts, and the "bloated tyrants" of Europe will learn to admire and respect our national school of music.

There, we have let off a little of the accumulated bile, in a very mild form, considering the magnitude of the offence, and will leave our remarks to stir up and worry the conscience of the offenders.

To our fair friends who desire to have some charming new English songs, we can recommend the following by William Vincent Wallace whose very lightest works bear evidence of the true, earnest and refined musician—the worshipper of art in its highest forms: No. 1, "I'm true to Thee," is a beautiful song, graceful and tender in melody, and is wedded to words of appropriate sentiment. No. 2, "The Merry Breeze," is a joyous, sprightly and hearty song, both in melody and words. A song so full of spirit is a happy relief to the thousand and one sentimentalities which afflict us in private society. It will surely make an effect wherever it is sung. No. 3, "The Coming of the Flowers," is another song full of joy and life. The melody is beautiful, free and flowing, and almost sings itself, while the words are eminently graceful and pleasing. No. 4, "Voices, Lingering Voices," is a most charming little duet for soprano and contralto. It has all the grace of Wallace's best style, and beside being a musical gem is both easy and effective. The accompaniments to all the above pieces are very easy, but at the same time they indicate the hand of the thorough musician. They are published by WILLIAM HALL & SON, 543 Broadway.

FIRTH & POND, 547 Broadway, have sent us quite a number of pieces which have mysteriously disappeared, but whether into the fire or out of the window we have not taken the trouble to inquire. But they have sent us also the following excellent and attractive compositions: No. 1, "Sweet Love, Good Night to Thee," by J. L. Hutton, one of the best song writers of the day. It is an answer to "Good-Bye, Sweetheart," and is sung with great success by Sims Reeves. It is carefully constructed, charming in melody, and very effective. No. 2, "Sweetheart—a Bird's Song," by M. W. Balfe, very pretty, quaint and graceful. No. 3, "March and Chorus," from Wagner's Tannhäuser, by Fritz Spindler. This is one of the easiest piano arrangements of the celebrated Tannhäuser March, but it is also quite brilliant and effective. It will be much played, for it contains a fine melody and a dashing coda. No. 4, "L'Echo de la Rivière," Barcarolle by A. Croizer. It has all the elements of popularity, a quaint yet flowing and pleasing melody, and brilliancy without difficulty. It will be a most popular teaching piece and a great favorite in private salons. No. 5, "Chant du Cigne," by Jacques Blumenthal. This "Song of the Swan" is a plaintive melody, very sweet and sentimental in its character. It is treated in a varied manner, the melody predominating throughout, and a most effective and pleasing piece is produced without any particular difficulty.

We have also received from Firth & Pond the latest compositions of William Mason, which we shall possibly notice in our next.

Our American Prima Donna at the Academy of Music.

Miss Hinkley's second appearance was a much more marked triumph than her first. The music in "Il Trovatore" is very arduous and very trying, but she surmounted all the difficulties with ease, and sustained her power throughout. Young as she is, she gives evidence of high and distinguished musical capacity. Her voice is a very pure mezzo-soprano, the upper region being especially liquid and beautiful. It has been well cultivated; it is flexible and is very sympathetic and telling in quality. Her execution is brilliant and at the same time neat, the *trillo* alone being stiff and uncertain. Her mental qualifications are indisputable. She sings with intention; she studies the characteristics of the music she is to render, and throws into it impulse and passion. Her musical instinct is evidently keen and cultivated, for she evidences artistic perception very rare in one so young. In a dramatic point of view, it must be allowed, that she has much to learn, but even now her action is graceful and energetic, and gives promise of fine histrionic powers. She has passion and sentiment, feeling and spirit, and experience alone is needed to mould them into a concentrated power, which will by-and-by make its mark and compel admiration.

Comparing the debut of Miss Hinkley with the countless others which we remember, we must pronounce it far more promising than any. She possesses all the material for making a first-class artist. She has youth, genius, education, voice, ambition, a fine person, a beautiful and expressive face, and, from all that we can learn, an enthusiasm for her profession, which can, with patient care and unabated study, win for her any position that art can bestow. Her efforts on this occasion were very warmly appreciated; her best points were enthusiastically applauded, and she was called out several times to acknowledge the public favor.

Adelaide Phillips—we had almost said the peerless Adelaide, and in truth she has but very few rivals—divided with Miss Hinkley the honors of the evening. Her acting was grand, magnificent. Of all the artists who have sustained the part of Azucena in New York, Miss Phillips, in conception and in striking dramatic power, is immeasurably the superior. She has had vocal equals, for we have had fine artists in the same character, but as to the rendition of the character as a whole, Adelaide Phillips assuredly stands unrivalled. Her efforts were enthusiastically rewarded, but not a jot more warmly than they deserved. We feel no little pride in being able to point to two such artists as Miss Hinkley and Miss Phillips—artists who can take their stand upon perfect equality with the most self-satisfied Italian artist in our operatic firmament. Some of our uneducated servile critics may insolently pat them on the back or arrogantly patronize them, but their intrinsic merits place them far above the power of ignorance or arrogance to crush or belittle. The "Trovatore" should be repeated, for as far as the ladies were concerned, it was a veritable triumph, and its repetition would attract a brilliant audience.

An English Opera an Established Fact.

Madame Anna Bishop has yielded to the solicitations of friends and suggestions from outside, and has gathered around her various operatic artists, from whom she has arranged a very excellent English Opera Company. She purposes to commence her season on Tuesday evening, Feb. 5th, at Niblo's Garden. The opera chosen is "Linda di Chamounix" is an English garb, in which Madame Anna made such a brilliant success some few years since. In this opera she introduces her famous and universally popular ballad, "On the Banks of Guadalquivir," which to hear is alone worth the price of admission.

The artists who will assist Madame Bishop are, Miss Annie Kemp, Miss Paine, Madame Caradori, Messrs. Aynesley Cook, Brookhouse, Bowler, Wienlich, and probably Dr. Guilmette. Carl Anschütz will conduct the opera.

An English Opera Company as we should like to see it.

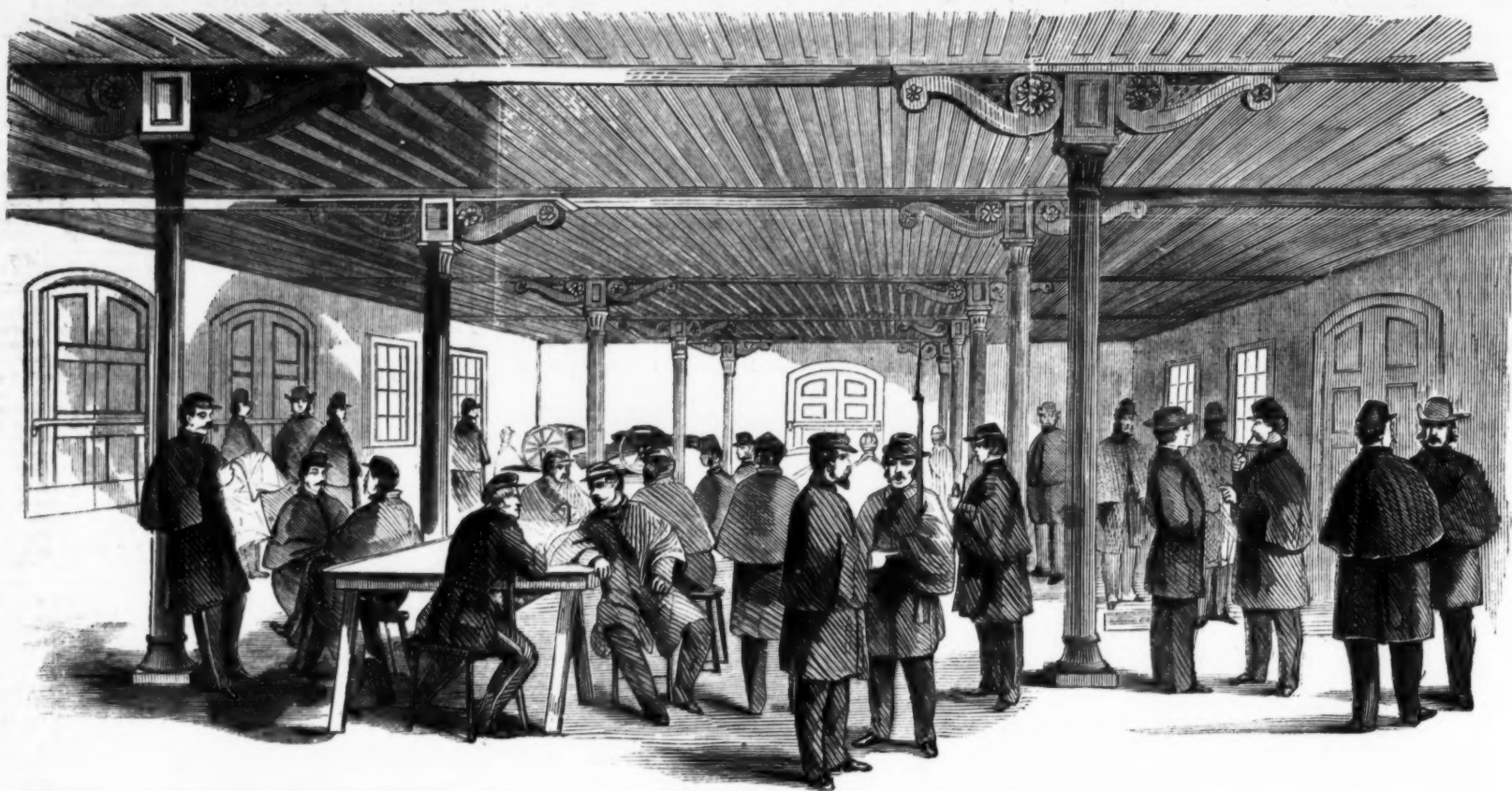
There is a chance, at this present moment, of forming the best English Operatic Company that we have had since the time of Sherriff and Seguin's, and there has been no time since then when the city was so ripe for such a class of entertainment. In addition to the artists mentioned in another article, we have now in town Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, who have just returned from their Southern tour. We should suggest the organization of an Operatic Company under the management of Madame Anna Bishop and Mr. Drayton, to consist of Madame Bishop, Mrs. Drayton, Miss Annie Kemp, Messrs. Miranda, Bowler, young Seguin or Guilmette, and Henri Drayton. The materials are admirable, and the combination would be competent to produce the finest operas in the repertoires of Italy, England, France or Germany, and we are satisfied that the success would be brilliant.

We throw out the suggestion, satisfied that if the plan is properly laid before the public, it will meet with unanimous approbation and a hearty and liberal encouragement.

Ho! Fishermen, Ho!

All real lovers of the "gentle art" are about this time on the tip toe of expectation in anticipation of the first sport of the season. Spring trouting is close at hand, and he must indeed have lost the bright edge of enjoyment who can think of that keen bitter and royal fishy darning without longing to be away by the brawling brook, booted and rod—as the law directs. About this time Coxsway is in great demand; his vast stock of all that pertains to every description of the piscatorial art is called into requisition, to supply new wants of the fishing-book, or repair the damages made by the last year's campaign. Whether from good or valid reasons, from fancy or habit, or what not, all scientific fishermen, previous to commencing the spring campaign, bend their steps towards Fulton street, Conroy's headquarters, to chat about the prospects of sport and to inspect the novelties in fish-killing implements, which are sure to be found there first.

Be it understood that Conroy is high-priest in the piscatorial temple, and a pilgrimage there is the first duty of every worshipper of the gentle craft.



GROUND FLOOR OF THE COLUMBIA ARMORY AT WASHINGTON, ARRANGED AS A DINING HALL AND READING AND LOUNGING ROOM, FOR THE ENGINEER CORPS, U. S. A., FROM WEST POINT, NOW IN WASHINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN WASHINGTON.

THE STEAMSHIP JOSEPH WHITNEY,
Commissioned by the Government to convey Troops
and Stores to Fort Jefferson, Tortugas Islands.

The United States having chartered the splendid steamer Joseph Whitney, to carry to Fort Jefferson, Tortugas, the garrison of Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, she hastily embarked the troops with some field artillery at hand. The news from the Gulf of the seizure of the great fortifications commanding the ports of New Orleans and Mobile, the Pensacola Navy Yard, Savannah, Charleston and in North Carolina, caused great apprehensions to be felt lest Key West and the harbor of the Tortugas had also been lost.

The latter port was known to the authorities at Washington to be without a soldier or a gun, and urgent representations had been made to them to arm and garrison it. These were unnoticed until the sudden break-up of the Cabinet put other men into power.

The troops embarked without heavy guns, rather than take time to put them on board. They arrived safely at Fort Jefferson on the 18th ult., and found the works all ready to receive their garrison and arms—proof, with the smallest garrison, against surprise or escalade; the engineer in charge, Captain Meigs, having quietly, though without instructions, employed all the resources at his disposal in cutting off all means of successful assault.

The Joseph Whitney was ordered to Key West for guns and ammunition, of which it was known that Fort Taylor had a surplus, put there at the time of a breeze with England, on the occasion of her boarding our vessels in the West Indies a few years since.

The vessel which carried the huge monoliths to the National Treasury building in Washington, was fortunately in port; she was chartered; heavy ordnance, a large quantity of stores and ammunition hastily embarked. The United States steamer Mohawk's commander, Captain Craven, on seeing a copy of the orders of Lieutenant-General Scott to Major Arnold, alluding to the co-operation of the naval forces in that vicinity, though himself without a line from the Naval Department, instantly decided to proceed to the Tortugas, and prevent any attack until the guns could be transported there.

The Crusader, Lieutenant Maffit, remained at Key West to prevent any attack on Fort Taylor until the ordnance was shipped, and on the departure of the steamer and brig with their important freight, convoyed them to the Tortugas, where they arrived on the morning of the 23d January, and found the Mohawk and the revenue cutter in the harbor.

The fortress, thus armed and garrisoned, can hold out against any possible assault, until reinforced (if need be) from Minnesota or California. This fortress is on the extreme western end of the Florida Reef. All the commerce of the Gulf coast passes in

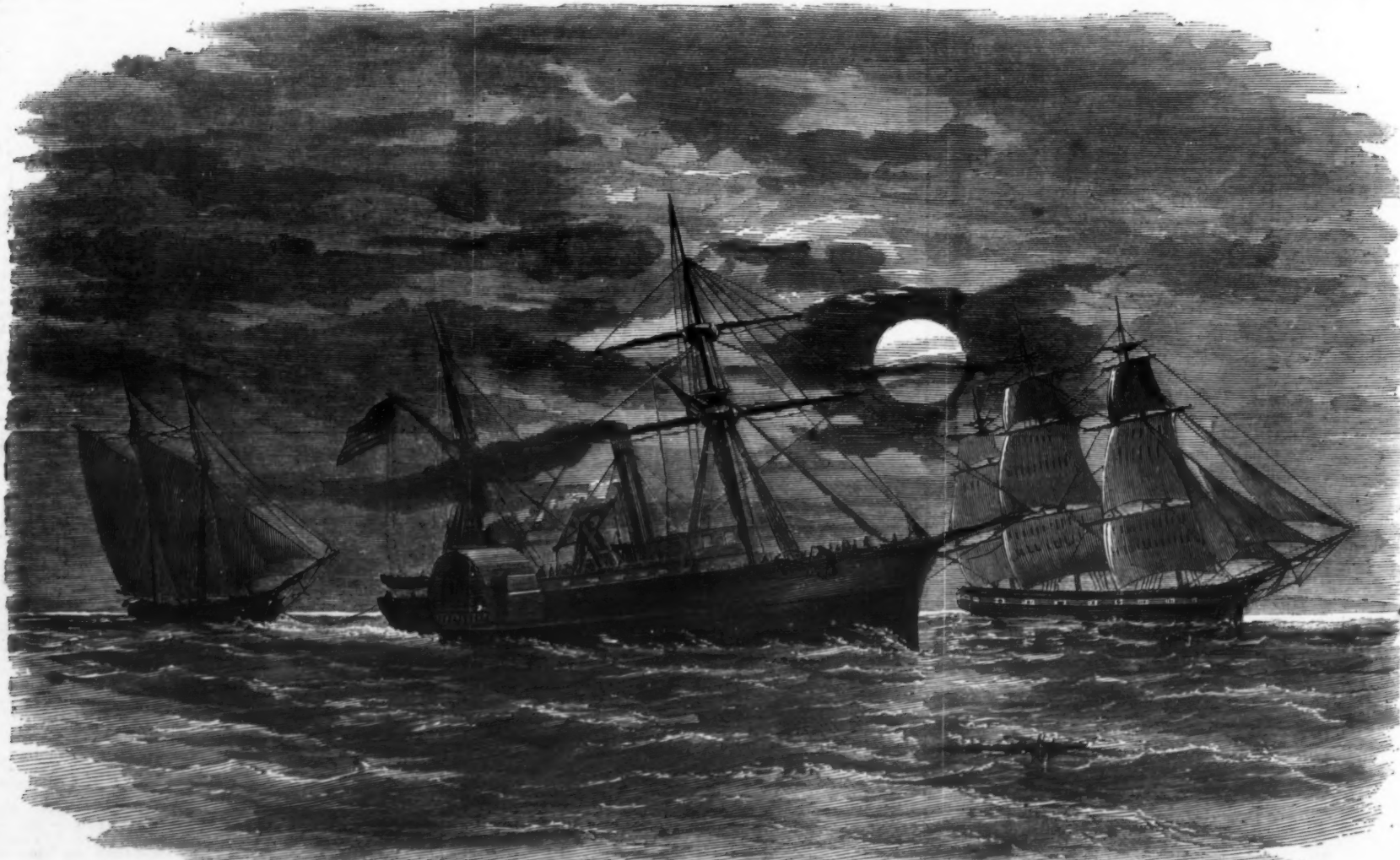
sight of its lighthouse. It is one hundred miles from Havana, and one hundred and twenty from the coast of Florida. It is alone of more importance to the Union than all the works seized by the revolutionists.

**THE ENGINEER CORPS FROM WEST POINT AT
COLUMBIA ARMORY, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

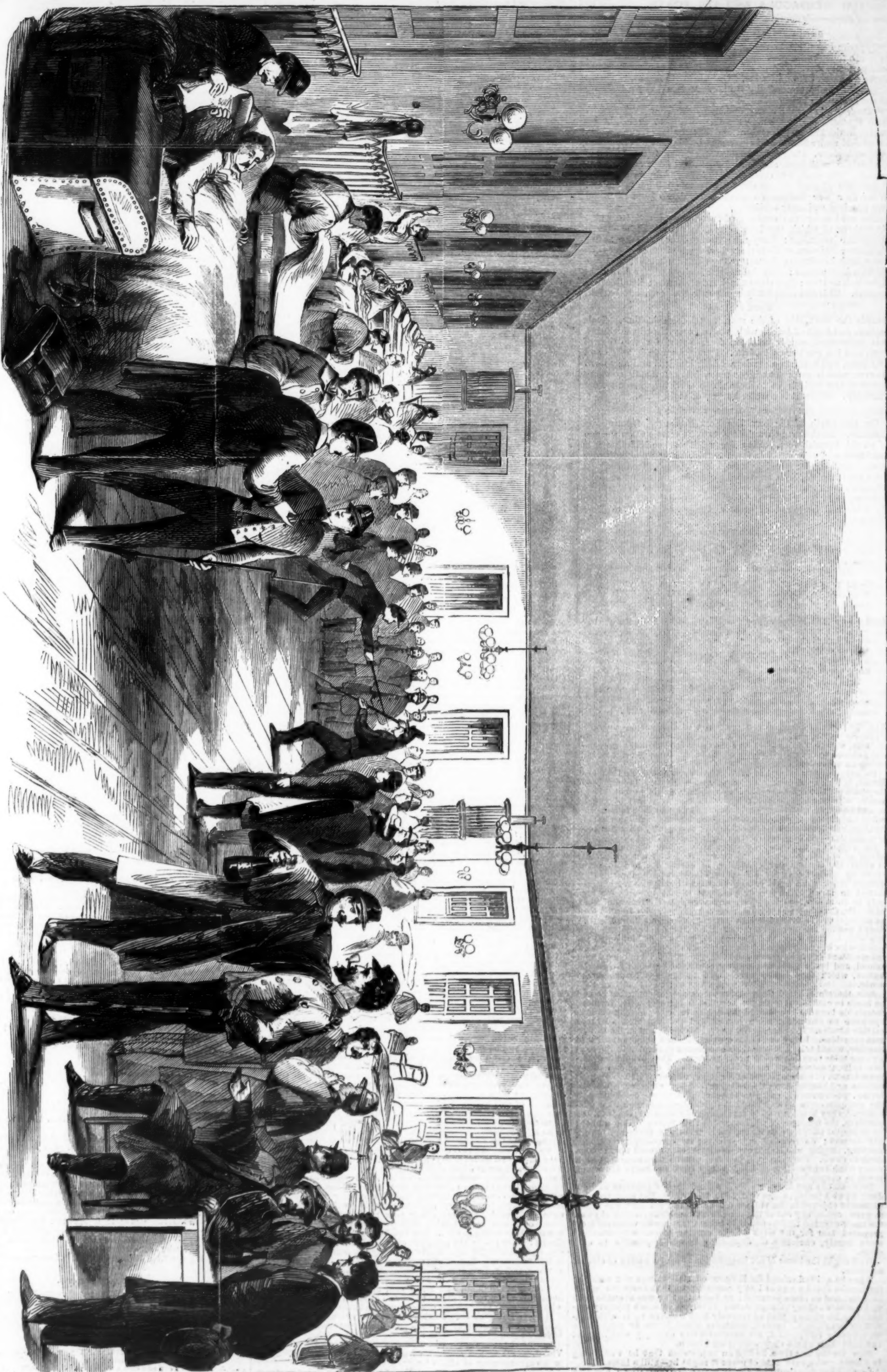
The arrival of United States troops at Washington created considerable sensation among the citizens. It has been deemed wise by the authorities to place the seat of the National Government in a position of perfect security, and a strong force is gradually being concentrated there. The Engineer Corps (Sappers and Miners), U. S. A., from West Point, arrived at Washington on Sunday morning, January 20th, and quietly proceeded to their quarters at the Columbia Armory, which had been prepared for their reception. The strength of the company, rank and file, is sixty-three men, under the command of Lieutenant J. C. Duane, Lieutenant Weitzel being second in command.

The dormitory of the company is located in the upper story of the Armory, a large and splendid room, into which every possible and necessary convenience has been supplied. Here the men not only sleep, but exercise with arms.

The ground floor of the Armory has been arranged as a dining hall for the company, and also as a reading and lounging room.



ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP JOSEPH WHITNEY AND TENDER, WITH TROOPS, ORDNANCE AND MILITARY STORES, AT FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS, UNDER COMMISSION FROM THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, CONVOYED BY THE U. S. STEAMER CRUSADER, ON THE 23d OF JANUARY, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.



THE ENGINEER CORPS (SAPPEES AND MINERS) U. S. A., FROM WEST POINT, NOW IN WASHINGTON, D. C.—THEIR DORMITORY ON THE UPPER FLOOR OF COLUMBIAN ARMOY, SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THEIR RECEPTION.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN WASHINGTON.

PENSACOLA AND ITS FORTS.

(Continued from page 178.)

Santa Rosa and Fort Pickens.

Opposite Pensacola is Santa Rosa Island, east by north-west by south fourteen leagues, shutting out Pensacola from the sea. It is perfectly flat. The bay between it and Pensacola is not above a quarter of a mile wide. On it is Fort Pickens, the great defence of the harbor and the station. It is a bastion building of the first class, built of New York granite.

"Its walls," says the correspondent of the New York Herald, from a recent examination, "are forty-five feet in height by twelve in thickness; it is embrasured for two tiers of guns, which are placed under bombproof casemates, besides having one tier of guns en barbette. The guns from this work radiate to every point of the horizon, with flank and enfilading fire at every angle of approach. The work was commenced in 1828 and finished in 1853. It cost the Federal Government nearly one million of dollars. When on a war footing, its garrison consists of one thousand two hundred and sixty soldiers."

The total armament consists of two hundred and ten guns, sixty-three of which are iron forty-two pounders; seventeen thirty-two pounders; forty-nine twenty-four pounders; five eighteens; thirteen twelves; six brass fieldpieces; twenty-six brass flank howitzers; thirteen heavy eight inch howitzers; one thirteen inch mortar; four heavy ten inch mortars; four light eight inch mortars; four sixteen inch stone mortars; five Cohorn mortars. This fort completely commands the town and harbor.

Fort McRae

Guards the west side of the mouth of Pensacola Bay. It is bastion, and built of brick, with walls twelve feet in thickness. It is embrasured, under bombproof casemates, for two tiers of guns, and has one tier en barbette. It mounts one hundred and fifty guns, and requires a garrison of six hundred and fifty men. Its armament is at present incomplete, but commands so many points of the horizon as to be able to efficiently second Fort Pickens. Below it is a water battery of eight guns.

Fort Barrancas.

On the north of the bay lies Fort Barrancas, fronting its entrance. As the name would indicate, it stands upon the site of an old Spanish fort. Like Forts Pickens and McRae it is bastioned, and very heavy in its structure. It mounts forty-nine guns, requiring for garrison two hundred and fifty men. Its guns are complete, both as regards number and order, and the magazine is also in excellent condition. It possesses an auxiliary redoubt, and having been lately repaired and otherwise prepared for war, will be found of great assistance as an aid to Fort Pickens.

ERLE GOWER;

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

O, Sorrow!

Why dost sorrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?
To sigh at evening pale
Unto the nightingale,
That thou mayst listen the cold dews among?—Keats.

Yes, the name of home stirred the heart of Erle; still it sounded strangely on his ear. Home, with its many dear and kindred associations, was to him an idea, a something indescribably precious and beloved to the majority with whom he had come in contact, but to him an unrealised conception.

He had depicted it as something the very opposite to Crambo's House, in which the principal portion of his life had been passed. He pictured it as some cheerful, happy place, where perpetual harmony, felicity and sunshine reigned. It was necessary to people it, and he did so with mamma blooming and beautiful; fathers dignified but generous, yielding and amiable; brothers the type of his frankest and least selfish schoolfellows; and pretty sisters whose love and devotion were lavished on their brothers.

He regarded it, from his speculative point of view, as a haven of shelter, of repose, of peace, freedom from constraint, in short, the elysium, par excellence, of earth. He had so often heard its praises sung by his schoolfellows, who unquestionably quitted it for Crambo's establishment with reluctance, and returned to it with bilious delight, that it was possible for him only to form an opinion of it, and thus bitterly feel the want of it. Dr. Crambo was a cold, reserved pedant, who treated Erle as an object to be crammed with learning, even as a farmer's wife does a gosling she purposes fattening for the feast of St. Michael. His wife, equally cold and methodical, thought of him only as a pupil, who was an item in a bulk during school-terms, but rather an inconvenient nuisance during the holidays. All the boys hated the school, and made most disparaging contrasts between it and the homes, which they loudly proclaimed the jolliest places in the world.

Erle, therefore, hated Crambo's, too, most potently, but he had no home to contrast it with. It became in his eyes only the more detestable because he pictured the homes to which his companions had gone as something more joyous and glorious than all other earthly abodes. Most keenly did he feel his loneliness in the Christmas vacations. Every one of his cronies, though they were few in number, would take him into their confidence in respect to the happy time their vacation would prove to them. They prophesied parties, balls, theatres, and many other places of amusement. They grew frantic in contemplation of Sir Roger de Coverly, snap-dragon, forfeits and kissing under the mistletoe. They enlarged upon the loving, good-natured, easily-to-be-done, affectionate mothers, and the not-quite-so-easily-cajoled, but still-in-the-end-bamboozled governors. They became wild in foretelling the wonders, the joys, the gladness, the mildness of Christmas-day; its indescribable dinner; its immortal pudding; its innumerable tarts and profusely luxurious dessert; its frenzied enjoyments; its caressings, fondlings, dancing, singing and inexhaustible pleasures, pursued almost from dusk to dawn. They ran riot in description, unthinking that with every fresh enumeration of delights they sunk his heart lower and lower in despondency.

Dr. Crambo and his wife always passed their Christmas at London; he at Avenue, alone with an old servant. Not even the glad pleasures enjoyed in the village did he share; his part was either to gaze sorrowfully out of the window at the bleak, leaden sky and the snow-covered landscape, or to pore over books which, in fact, prepared him for the work of the ensuing term. Any situation more lonely, cheerless or depressing it was impossible to conceive.

Well might the home of his imagination appear a palace of eternal sunshine.

When he quitted school for Kingswood Hall it was not with the impression that he was at last journeying to that home for which his heart had so often yearned; he knew that he was about to take up his abode among strangers, and there was so much mystery surrounding his history, that he scarcely looked forward to it with pleasurable imaginings. Indeed, whatever latent hopes he might have instinctively entertained, his unsatisfactory colloquy with Ishmael had kept them where they were lying hidden.

Now, for the first time, he had an impression that he was going to a home; whatever kind of place it might be—still a home.

Ishmael had declared himself his mother's truest friend, and professed to have the deepest interest in his welfare. He was not again about to consign him to the custody of Lord Kingswood, but to place him in a sphere of action which, while it brought him into contact with him, would, it was not subject him to his control.

In what had also fallen from Ishmael, respecting cultivating an intimacy with Sir Harris Stanhope, it was clear that he intended that his protégé should move in an elevated circle in society, and, as he had spoken of his own wealth (and, in fact, the superb equipage in which he was then seated was an example of the truth of his assertion), it was equally clear that he had the power to enable him to do this; that, in fact, he had created for him some such home as he dreamed of, save that it was unpeopled with those dear beings whose fond faces and loving smiles were needed to make it realise the ideal he had set up.

To this home, then, he was going. At this home the carriage stopped. Erle looked out of the window, and saw before him a spacious mansion, at the door of which the tall footman made a flourishing display of the agility of his wrist, at the conclusion of his performance the door opened, and Erle alighting, was ushered into a large hall. Ishmael took his arm, and led him up a stone staircase, and thence into a handsomely-furnished apartment.

"This house," he said, in the old, cold tone, "will, for a time be your home, and this your companion."

Erle turned sharply as he pointed to some one behind him whom he had not seen upon his entrance into the room, and to his astonishment he saw before him the "Wonder of Kingswood Chase."

Yet paler and sadder than when last he saw her, still possessing, however, that singular, weird-like beauty, at which he so marvelled when he met her in the forest.

Ishmael took her hand and placed it in that of Erle. "Her name is Violet," he said, in a subdued voice. "There is a common tie between you, that of wrongs to be atoned for; there is a bond of sympathy between you, because neither yet have known your parents, and have both been raised in isolation. Each have an allotted task to perform, a duty to fulfill, and before the grave shall receive its own, this task must be accomplished, the duty satisfied. She is of the frailest, the weakest, Erle. You must, in my absence, act for her and with her. Be to her a friend honorable and just. Make her happiness, her fame, her name as dear and as clear from taint as you would have your own. Confident in your integrity and in your truth and your honor, I entrust her to your care. She is worth the cherishing, and she needs it, for she is a woman."

He released her hand which he had united to Erle's, and turned abruptly away, leaving them looking into each other's face with an expression of breathless wonder.

At length the maiden dropped her eyes and withdrew her hand. A slight color heightened her pale face as she suddenly upraised her eyes and turned upon him a passionate, appealing look.

What this look meant he did not clearly comprehend; still there was an impression conveyed that she asked of him silence respecting the past, and he inwardly resolved to comply with her tacit wish.

He spoke to her, modulating his voice so that it should sound in her ears reassuringly.

"I will try to be your friend," he said, earnestly. "I will be faithful to your interest. I will make your happiness a grateful duty, and secure it so far as I can. I will be honorable and just. Parentless like myself, matured in isolation like myself, my heart will be drawn closer to you, and the bond of sympathy thus created shall never be by me broken."

She looked hastily around at Ishmael. His back was still turned towards them, and she hastily caught Erle's hand and raised it to her lips. She let it fall instantaneously, and muttered,

"I will trust you."

She looked again round at Ishmael, who remained yet immovable.

She clasped her hands together, and said, in a rapid and scarcely audible tone,

"I so need a friend; you, of all Heaven's creatures, be my friend. You are powerful—you are a spirit. I have seen you in the moonbeams in the Chase; I have seen you in my dreams. You preside over the destinies of Kingswood; oh, in mercy, befriend me!"

She dropped her hands with an abrupt and swift action as she concluded, and stood motionless, for Ishmael again approached them.

"Attend me, Erle," he said, in a quiet, grave voice; "I have yet something to say to you, some instructions to give, and perhaps some counsel, which may possibly share the fate of proffered advice. Nevertheless, it is necessary I should in some degree now fit you for the part you have to play. Violet," he added, turning to the maiden, who, with eyes fixed in a vacant gaze, stood without motion. She started on being addressed, and looked at him with a timid aspect, as though expecting to hear some communication from him that would chill her blood and plunge her yet deeper into that despair in which she was already only too deeply sunk.

"Violet," he said, gently, "you will wait our return here, and when we rejoin you, I hope to be able to make a communication to you that will restore the bloom to your cheek and the brightness to your eye. The term of your seclusion has passed away, the loneliness of a secret home has terminated, the fancies and the imaginings of a youth passed uncheered, unguided, untaught by the lessons of social life will be erased, and you will enter upon new scenes, new joys, new pleasures—indeed, a new existence—which will teach you how vain are cherished beliefs, how delusive are romantic impressions, how hollow and false are youthful promises, how treacherous are early convictions. The lesson is a harsh one, but it must be coned, and few of us escape a too ready facility of its application. Be at least comforted in this, you have now a friend who will not deceive you—one, Violet, mark me, who will not permit your young, credulous, innocent, yielding nature to be deceived."

He uttered the last sentence with stern emphasis, and quitted the apartment with a slow, dignified carriage. Erle followed him, but his eyes were fastened upon Violet, and she rested hers on him, and still with the same earnest, appealing expression in them, which, if it bore not reference to Cyril Kingswood, he knew not how to interpret. If it were possible to lend to his own gaze an expression that might give birth to hope in her heart, that would impress her with a conviction that she was no longer isolated from sympathising friendship, that she might lay bare her soul to him in the full assurance that he would counsel, guide, sustain and serve her—he achieved it. There was a brightening of her look as she seemed to read this expression, and an aspect of gratefulness which satisfied him that she understood that language which has many other potent meanings beyond those which love seeks to convey through its medium.

As he made his way to Ishmael's private sitting-room, he was surprised by the dimensions and the magnificent scale upon which the house he was then in was constructed. Every appointment was of the most costly and elegant kind, and evidences of wealth were to be seen in every direction. He was not less surprised to learn from Ishmael, when they were alone once more, that he was to regard that establishment in some degree as his own, that he would be supplied with a liberal income, which would render him independent of making pecuniary requests when inclination or fancy demanded the employment of money. His own servants, his own carriages, his own complete and exclusive suite of apartments were to be at once furnished to him, and he would in all his actions and arrangements be as free as though, indeed, he were liberated from all control, with the revenues of a nobleman at his command.

"I impose no limit upon you," concluded Ishmael, after making the communication which comprised the above information to him, "save on matters bearing reference to Lord Kingswood. In every event or circumstance connected with him you must consult with me; every counsel concerning him I may give you you must scrupulously follow, every direction obey. I will impose nothing upon you ignoble, or from which your most refined and delicate sense of honor can shrink; but you must do this as I shall command—it is idle to use a less forcible expression. In all other things I leave you to the guidance of your nature; in not grovelling, sensual or debasing. There are many temptations and pitfalls in this great city. You will be surrounded by them, but your intelligence, which is, I am sure, penetrating, and your mind, which is so elevated to descend to base and vulgar enjoyments, will conduct you safely through all, and leave you, on emerging from the fire, uncontaminated by the dross which too often still adheres to many who have gone through the process of social annealing."

It was a full week before Erle could understand or realise his new position, but by degrees he began to get accustomed to it, and to venture abroad for equestrian exercise.

During the interval he was thrown but little into the society of Violet, less in that of Ishmael, who appeared to be deeply occupied in the arrangement of affairs long neglected.

The little, however, he saw of Violet was enough to yet increase his surprise at the strange, wild, mysterious character she possessed. There was a singular sweetness in the expression of her features, but with an almost painful pathos. Her eye, soft in its expression, was yet often quick and rapid in its motions, and frequently, when

no sound was perceptible to him, her eyes would dilate, her nostrils expand, and with suspended breath she would seem to be listening to some approaching footstep, the coming of which she feared.

Especially was this the case when Ishmael drew near. Once or twice, while in conversation with her, and she seemed on the eve of making some unreserved confession to him, she abruptly checked herself, raised her finger warningly, remained a minute in an attitude of intense expectation, and then would subside into motionlessness. The next instant Ishmael, whose advancing step Erle had not previously heard, would enter the room.

Another matter in regard to her embarrassed Erle. She would persist in treating him as one who had an immortal nature, though in an earthly form. There was a peculiar deference in her mien when addressing him, a shrinking, not of terror, a reverence, not of devotion, which puzzled and disturbed him. He was desirous of becoming on easy, friendly terms with her, but his attempt at brotherly familiarity she received as evidences of his condescension, not as they were intended.

Her step was as light as that of a fairy, her motions as graceful as those of a seraph, but as if she were a dryad transported from her native woods to the dull home of social every-day life, she seemed out of place where she was now situated. She started at the least sound. She was disturbed by sights and noises new and strange to her, and the excitement she hourly suffered, added to her mental sorrow, was evidently, Erle perceived, telling upon her face and frame.

Ishmael had surrounded her with tutors and professors of various accomplishments, but he had himself, in her forest home, cultivated her mind and her powers far more highly than the usual routine of fashionable education extends, but although she could write her own and other languages, as well as speak them with a degree of elegance, she needed that finish which professors only can impart. She took the lessons given to her with listless apathy, and seemed to be under terrible restraint while receiving them. One only exception she made, and that was music. This she had never learnt, and she listened in wonder and ecstasy when a mistress appointed to instruct her ran with light fingers over the keys of a pianoforte, performing a charming prelude with exquisite taste. Yet more was she entranced when the lady, young and gentle like herself, reading some untold secret in her face, sang, with sweet voice, the beautifully expressive words and plaintive air, commencing,

When we two parted,
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek, and cold,
Colder thy kiss,
How truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this!

Then awakening, arising, springing as it were out of a trance, animated to a new sphere of existence, she devoted herself to this new study. She caught the words of these stanzas almost intuitively, and sang them in a low, soft, melodious voice, when alone only, with a passionate fervor, indescribably pathetic. She mastered the rudiments—difficult as they are—with a quickness which was little short of being miraculous. Every hour she could devote to this new and absorbing passion she employed, and so rapidly did she improve, that her mistress found it necessary to overleap the usual progressive lessons, and advance with her to those studies only given to those who have already attained a considerable degree of proficiency.

She appeared to be animated by some secret influence, some intense yearning to obtain a most complete mastery over the accomplishment, and never exhibited weariness of practice or—when alone—repeating those words,

When we two parted,
In silence and tears.

The ease with which she executed her studies in her own and other languages, and the wonderful progress she made in music, caused her tutors to talk of her wherever they went. She was spoken of as "The Wonder of Belgravia," and the fashionable young ladies, to whom she was held up as a salient example, longed to see her, and looked for and talked of her wherever they went.

Erle, after a consultation with Ishmael, rode one morning over to Hyde Park Gardens, and stopping at the house of Sir Harris Stanhope, sent up his card to Carlton, somewhat anxious to ascertain what effect his sudden disappearance might have had upon him.

Before he presumed that his card had been delivered, Carlton Stanhope made his appearance at his horse's saddle-girths. He shook Erle warmly by the hand, and insisted upon his alighting, to which Erle was nothing loth.

He consigned his horse to the care of his groom, and accompanied Carlton up stairs to the well-known sitting-room. As they entered, Carlton exclaimed, in a joyous voice,

"Here, Beatrice, is the truant returned. Welcome him back again, for I am sure that you have missed him more than even I have. He was always so good-naturedly attentive to you. There, Mr. Gower, go and tell Beatrice how very sorry you are for having made her very uncomfortable and very anxious respecting you."

Erle was surprised to see how pale Beatrice turned, her very lips becoming white as marble; and when he took her hand, it was cold as death, and trembled like an aspen.

He was yet more amazed to find that she was unable to utter a word, and was nigh to fainting.

"I regret exceedingly to find that you are not well, Miss Stanhope," he exclaimed, with much concern. "I hope your indisposition is merely temporary."

"Exclusively temporary," responded Carlton Stanhope for her.

"Indeed, it is only momentary, Gower. The fact is, when you bolted so very unexpectedly, Beatrice here would have that either she or I had, in some unintended way, put some unbearable slight upon you. I defended us both. I persisted that we had not, and that you would some day turn up, rejoin our circle, and tell us so!"

"And you were in the right, Stanhope," returned Erle. "I explained in my note that circumstances, over which I had no control, compelled me abruptly to leave you, and I assure you that the first visit I have since been able to pay to any one I now pay to you."

"There, Beatrice, who is in the right?" exclaimed Carlton, patting his handsome sister upon the shoulder. "You would have that Gower had flown to the world's end, never to return. You girls are so positive. I knew my view was the correct one; at least, for once I am in the right."

Beatrice looked up into Erle's face, and her large, brilliant, dark eyes seemed to dance with delight.

"Is this indeed, Mr. Gower, your first visit anywhere since you parted from us?" she said, in a soft, pleased tone.

"I give you my word of honor that it is," he replied.

"I am very gratified indeed to hear it," she replied, with a sigh, certainly not of pain, for she dropped her eyelids, and a gentle smile curled her small lips. "Gratified, I assure you, Mr. Gower, deeply, because it relieves me from the pain I felt in the fear of having unintentionally wounded you."

Before he could reply to this, a tall, elderly gentleman, with white hair and mustaches, entered the room. Carlton immediately took Erle by the hand, and said,

"Allow me, sir, to present to you the schoolfellow of whom I have several times spoken to you. This is the Mr. Gower who was staying with me, and who, by-the-bye, Cyril Kingswood is so anxious to discover. Mr. Gower, this is my father, Sir Harris Stanhope."

Erle advanced towards him, but stopped on finding the features of Sir Harris Stanhope expressing the widest amazement. His eyes seemed to be starting out of their sockets, his mouth opened, and he tried to articulate in vain. At length, extending both hands like one suddenly smitten blind, he forced out the words,

"Water! water! water!"

Staggering back, he sank upon the sofa in a convulsive fit.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Why, I can smile and murder while I smile;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occasions—
I'll drown more valors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
Deceive more sily than Ulysses could;
And like a Sinon take another Troy;
I can add colors even to the chameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus for advancement;
And act the aspiring Cadmus to school—Shakespeare.

SIR HARRIS STANHOPE, born a younger son of a good family, was, on leaving *Anna Karenina*, appointed to an office under Government.

upon a very moderate salary. His father, having a numerous progeny to provide for, previously to entrusting them to the emoluments and rewards offered by a liberal country to the sons of the aristocracy, could only spare him a very moderate addition to the income he received from the afore-said country. Harris Stanhope, therefore, finding that he possessed extensive tastes in common with many wealthy young men with whom his own position in society enabled him to associate, and that those tastes could only be gratified out of the purses of his friends, made himself a sort of useful companion to the rich among them who needed confidential services, mostly of a questionable kind.

When people to whom money is not an object require such services to be performed by a confidant, they are usually very ready to furnish them with the means of indulging their luxurious appetites, and if their inclinations run in that direction, of sharing in their enjoyment.

Harris Stanhope formed an intimacy with Lord Kingswood at college, and he kept up the acquaintance after both had left it, because his lordship was possessed of large funds, and was liberal and free-handed with them.

Lord Kingswood was then whimsical in his tastes and capricious in his fancies. He left to a later day a rigid adherence to morality. He put off to the day of the serene and yellow leaf complexion and repentance, as well as the strict performance of those duties which combine to make a life blameless. But he was proud, and therefore objected to do his own dirty work. In Harris Stanhope he found a ready tool. He paid for Stanhope's enjoyments, and in return Stanhope transacted all those small meannesses and graver rascalities for him which he could not stoop to arrange himself, although actually the promoter of them and the recipient of such advantages as they produced.

Lord Kingswood was not the only one for whom Harris Stanhope enacted such a part. There were others with similar weaknesses and similar pride, and Harris Stanhope, from them, gained patronage and preferment, until he was enabled to enter the field of diplomacy, and at the same time matrimony. He obtained a lucrative appointment and a rich wife together, "kissed hands," and left for a time the scene of his former fripperies and contemptible knaveries.

There was no change, with his fortune, in his nature. His diplomatic labors only more fully developed his bad qualities. He lied, connived, cheated, tricked more than ever; but his performances were concealed beneath a very specious assumption of frankness and obliging good nature. He made it a rule never to lose a friend. They were always, he said, easier to lose than to gain, but he at the same time was wholly ignorant of the value of one of whom he could make no use—indeed, he considered only those of his acquaintances friends whose qualifications, influence or position he could turn to his own advantage.

Much intercourse with men as subtle, astute, treacherous and plausible as himself, had schooled him into an habitual expression of features which defied the influence of inward emotion. He had trained himself not to betray surprise. It had been a hard task, but he had mastered it. Conversations of the high-stakes importance to the Government and the nation he represented were listened to by him with intense attention, while his eyes twinkled, his lips smiled, and he chattered badinage with some fair and slightly dame at hand. He had caught unguarded acknowledgments from grave statesmen, which would have overwhelmed some men, with an imperturbable serenity of features, and had met many an astounding announcement with a seeming indifference, only too often attributed to stolidity.

Yet there were some surprises in store for him, against which even he was not proof.

He came abruptly upon Erle, and Erle presented to him a living resemblance of a face which he had never forgotten.

Not in his secret dissipation, his public gaieties, his diplomatic flattery, or his domestic endearments.

Years had, perhaps, gradually weakened its force; but it had not obliterated it. At times it would appear with startling vividness before him, but then, usually, it was in silent places, and in the dark night.

Now, within his own household, it in an unexpected moment, beaming with young, animated life, blazed in his eyes.

All his schooling, his training, his ever-active guarding to avoid being taken at a nonplus were demolished in an instant.

It was as though suddenly out of the realms of death, one young and beautiful had suddenly sprung to confront him and announce a terrible retribution.

The whole frightful history of that abused young creature crashed through his brain at one swoop; a thousand thoughts and incidents welded together into a thunderbolt to whirl through his guilty head and destroy him.

At the very moment he prided himself on possessing the power of defying the most penetrating eye to read in his face what was passing in his mind, he was smitten down with palsy of fright, as a child would have been on encountering some fearful spectre.

Neither Carlton or his sister Beatrice had ever seen their father thus affected. He had, in short, been always, in their belief, impenetrable to any emotion. They had never been able to comprehend him, because they had often found him angry and offended with them at a time when he appeared to be amicable, complaisant and affectionate.

They neither for a moment, therefore, traced his sudden swoon to its true cause, but thought it one of those sudden and frightful attacks to which human nature is at times liable.

Assistance was speedily summoned, and Sir Harris, after a certain amount of careful attention, and the application of restoratives, was revived and eventually restored to consciousness.

The first object to which he turned his ghastly face and anxious eyes was Erle, at whom he looked intently and fixedly for a minute. Then he gazed upon the solicitous and alarmed countenances of his children, and then he seemed to comprehend all.

He rose up, dismissed his domestics, and pressing his hands over his eyes several times, he paced the room without speaking.

Beatrice, his daughter, who had watched him in terror from the first moment he was seized with faintness, followed him after he had taken several turns, and laying her hand gently upon his shoulder, said:

"You are very ill, dear papa; will you not retire to your room? Your own medical attendant will be here in a few minutes, and—"

"Send and countermand his attendance," interrupted her father, with a momentary glance at Erle, and an apparently fond look in his eyes as he turned them upon his daughter. "I am not ill, my love. I have suffered from a sudden attack of vertigo; I have been engaged in very anxious, harassing duties, and when such business as I have been employed on for the country becomes more than usually onerous my poor head suffers for it—that is all, my love. Do not think of it any more, and oblige me by not again mentioning or referring to it."

He delivered the last sentence in a tone slightly more emphatic than the previous one, and Beatrice seemed to comprehend him, for she bent to him as respectfully as if he were an emperor, and then fell back to her former place.

Sir Harris Stanhope then advanced to Erle, and addressed him in a very frank and pleasing manner, and alluded with consummate skill to the history his son had given to him of their acquaintance, its origin and its sudden strange renewal. With exquisite tact he constructed his observations so that they should take the character without the form of questions; but Erle, feeling that he in some way was the author of the emotion Sir Harris had exhibited, preserved the greatest reserve, and in fact, purposely displayed a disinclination to reply to any inferences or suppositions having reference himself or his presumed connections.

Baffled, but not discouraged, Sir Harris resolved to know more about him, and that at once. He had already gathered that Erle was known to Lord Kingswood and he was not in the least doubtful himself as to who he was. He had believed with Lord Kingswood that the child of the victim to the machinations of both had died and was buried in the precincts of a forest, in a lone, solitary, unconsecrated spot; but now he was convinced that it was not only not dead and entombed, but that it was before him in full possession of young and vigorous life.

He knew that it was the legitimate son of Lord Kingswood who here sat down to him so sternly and haughtily, and what he now wanted to know was the terms upon which the proud youth stood with his father.

He was unacknowledged, that was clear, and it was a point of much importance to Sir Harris to quickly ascertain who, besides himself and Lord Kingswood, were in possession of this terrible secret. That it would prove of value to him he did not doubt; that he would endeavor to compel it to be so, he very strenuously assured himself.

It was scarcely an hour since he had parted with Lord Kingswood.

He had heard his lordship mention his intention to take a drive with Lady Kingswood in the park. He thought it would be a neat and desirable piece of manoeuvring to proceed to the park, too, with Erle in his company.

A perusal of the features of Lord and Lady Kingswood when they beheld Mr. Gower in his society, would sufficiently indicate to him how matters stood between them.

"Your horse and groom are at the door, Mr. Gower," he said, after he found that he gained no ground by his dexterously put observations. "If you are not better engaged, what say you to a gallop in the ride? Town is very full, and the park will be very animated. After my little mishap just now a ride will act as a restorative to me."

Erle bowed a little stiffly.

"I shall have much pleasure," he said, "in attending you."

"I will accompany you, sir, with your permission," exclaimed Carlton, with quick earnestness.

"By all means," replied his father.

At the same instant he caught Beatrice bending a most appealing and beseeching look at her brother.

He understood it instantly. For a moment his brows knitted. Then a sudden, new and startling thought flashed through his brain.

He turned to his daughter.

"Beatrice, my love," he observed, in a well counterfeited tone of affection, "your face tells of too much confinement to your chamber. If you will promise to be quick with your toilet, we will all try to prevail upon you to join us."

A rosy flush crimsoned her brow, she murmured her thanks and disappeared from the room with very prompt rapidity.

During her absence Sir Harris Stanhope again skillfully directed the conversation into a channel calculated to urge Erle to communicate what had followed his leaving Dr. Cranbo's establishment, but Beatrice returned, equipped in her riding habit and becomingly adorned with a pheasant's plume, before he had been able to elicit a single acknowledgment calculated to enlighten him on the points he desired to become acquainted with.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

REPUBLIC OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
Charleston, Jan. 29, 1861.

Adjournment of the Legislature.

LAST night the Legislature adjourned *sine die*, and this morning, on my way down to breakfast, I found the office of my hotel heaped high with the luggage of departing legislators. You must know that of the one hundred and sixty members of this honorable body only twenty-two are residents of Charleston. Knowing this, you can easily see what a hole the secession of the one hundred and thirty-eight others will make in the receipts of the noble and dignified hotel-keepers who do here about.

A good part of the one hundred and thirty-eight above mentioned departed for their bucolic homes in the early morning train; the rest—gentlemen, these, who are not partial to getting up in the middle of the night—will set out in the train that leaves at the more comfortable hour of two P. M.

The Charleston State of Mind.

The adjournment of the Legislature takes away the only means of excitement that Charleston has been able to procure to itself for the past two weeks. The debates in Hibernian Hall have drawn thither of late that large class of persons who seek in the bustle of legislative proceedings a relief for the dreary spirit of unrest that seems to have settled down upon the minds of all those I see about me. Truth to say, this dreadful state of suspense as to whether they are to have war or not is weighing upon the nerves of the Charlestonians. And very naturally. One cannot be kept strung up at concert pitch for ever. "Rather a thousand times," said a distinguished Charlestonian to me yesterday, "rather a thousand times would I prefer to see the shot and shell lying through our streets than to be roused, as we are every day, by an unsatisfactory excitement."

At the Barracks.

With such a condition of things existing in the city proper you can imagine how infinitely more dreary matters are in the isolated fortifications in the harbor. There the youthful volunteer, *convinced* to the last degree, pines the lone ran part and sighs in vain for the social *levee-a-levé* and the festive board of the city of his residence.

When last week a proposition was submitted to the Legislature to connect the islands and forts in the harbor with the city by means of a submarine telegraph, a gleam of hope shot athwart the dismal minds of the youthful volunteers aforesaid. In the event of a submarine telegraph, the youthful volunteers could put themselves in easy communication with the loved ones at home. Over the wires and under the water would go each hour messages of love and tenderness. But this relief from the dull monotony of garrison life was not to be accorded them. Submarine telegraphs cost money, and the projector of this one wanted two thousand dollars to carry out his little plan. The Legislature didn't view the thing in that light, and the proposition was accordingly rejected.

Whence wailing on the part of youthful volunteers.

Resignation of Major Ripley.

I do not know whether the parties immediately concerned are aware of it or not, but the garrison at Fort Moultrie has lately suffered a great loss in the secession of its commanding officer, Colonel, late Major Ripley. Colonel Ripley you will remember as the officer who so brilliantly distinguished himself in the Seminole war, and who in Mexico, under Scott and Taylor, obtained three brevetts in such rapid succession.

Adjutant-General Danovant is nominally the leading officer of the South Carolina forces; Colonel Ripley in reality occupied that position, being much more efficient as a strategist and experienced as a soldier.

Colonel Ripley was educated at West Point, and a work on military tactics from his pen stamped him several years ago as an authority in the science of war. He has now gone to Florida. Rumor says that a little affair of jealousy between himself and superiors was the cause of his sudden resignation.

Sunday at Camp Morris.

Sunday before last I was witness of a most impressive scene at the fortifications on Morris Island, or Camp Morris, as it is technically termed. The piazza of the house occupied by the Washington Light Infantry overflowed with a solemn crowd, who, standing in their uniform, with bowed heads were listening attentively to the words of one who raised above them by means of a rough pulpit, was performing divine service. Many of the soldiers held open prayer books. A more earnest assemblage of worshippers I never before came together. On inquiry of my companion I learned that the occupant of the rough pulpit was the Rev. Mr. Porter, chaplain of the W. L. I. and minister of the Episcopal Church. The congregation was made up of the company mentioned, of the Citadel Cadets, and of the Carolina Light Infantry. A group of reverent negroes filled up the background of this picture, and formed for it, so to speak, an ebony frame.

Students in Arms.

The garrison at this and other fortified points of the harbor will, I presume, shortly receive reinforcements from the Colleges of the State. The students of the South Carolina College, Columbia, have put aside their books and their Virgils for a time, and taken up instead the musket and the two edged sword of war. In this military move their brothers of the College in Charleston have not been behind them. Three weeks ago one of the students of the latter institution showed me a petition, drawn up and numerously signed by his classmates, in which they prayed that they might be honorably relieved from further performance of their collegiate course, and yet receive their diplomas as if they had regularly graduated. Their object was to enlist under the banner of the New Republic. How this proposition was received by the Trustees of the College I am unable to inform you, as their decision has not been made generally known.

W. P.

PERSONAL.

This beautiful vagrant Empress Eugenie, who roams about, like the dove of Noah's Tulleries, to find rest for her wounded soul, is a fruitful theme for the journalists. She is claimed one day by the French, then by the Scotch, and last of all by the Spaniards. A Scotch paper says: "The great-grand-mother of Eugenie, the Empress of the French, was born in the old manse-house of Couston—part of which is still standing—near Pais gait. She was named Isabel Sandilands, being the eldest daughter of the Hon. William Sandilands, of Couston, third son of John, fourth Lord Torphichen (1622). She was married to Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, of Clovenstone, while her only sister married Thomas Majoribanks of that ilk, in the parish of Bathgate. These facts are attested by an old genealogical paper, dated 1646, in possession of Mr. Durhams Weir, of Boghead, Bathgate, and who farther traces through the Sandilands and other ancient Scottish families her Imperial Majesty's descent from Robert I."

The Baltimore Sun says that Mr. Dodge, a partner in a mercantile firm in Charleston, was last week discovered to be the reporter of the New York Tribune. He was notified to quit the city in two hours, and he accordingly left for the North. Mr. Dodge was himself a very prominent member of the Vigilance Committee.

GENERAL SCOTT has issued an order for all army officers on leave, who have been absent eight months, to repair immediately to their posts. He also directs those on the sick list to report for examination.

As Monsieur De Lave, the imitator of Blouin, performed his "leap for life" from the portico of the Tacon Theatre, Havana, to the rope that descended from its roof, on Monday, January 14, the jar shook him all over, and spilt all the contents of his pockets, which were a few handfuls of dimes, half dimes and quarter dollars, half of which had been gathered among the spectators. The boys that were on the spot looking on no sooner heard the falling of the performer, than a general scramble commenced, and instead of paying to see the performance, helped them-selves out of Mr. De Lave's gains, and reduced the sum total to a very small amount before the performer's friends could get on the spot to "save the pieces."

The Zouaves gave one of their theatrical performances last week in Troy. General Wool was so delighted that he guarantees their genuineness.

It is said that Greeley's chances for Seward's Senatorship are improving. Senator Greeley will sound well.

We learn from a private letter that Young America Train, in connection with Mark Lemon (Punch), Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick") and others, has got up an Associated Company, with a capital of \$3,000,000, for the purpose of building a great "American hotel" in London. They have got possession of three acres of ground in the Strand, and are going to build a "bricks." It is estimated that Hiram Cranston, Esq., of the New York Hotel, one of the most popular and successful hotel-keepers in America, will be tempted with an immense pecuniary "consideration" to take charge of this mammoth enterprise.

From Springfield we learn that the first draft of the inaugural message is now being made by the President elect. The Chicago platform will be the basis of his reflections and recommendations in reference to the internal affairs of the nation. It will not be finished until after consultation with the Republican leaders in Washington.

COLONEL SUMNER, of the First Cavalry, and Major Hunter have been detailed by the War Department to accompany the President elect to Washington. The length of Mr. Lincoln's stoppage on the way to Washington will depend on the demonstrations likely to be made in his honor in different localities. His friends here look for tenders of the hosannas of Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania Legislatures. No further invitations will be issued to prominent politicians to visit the President elect, and none are desired here. The cabinet will be completed in Washington.

COLONEL ANDERSON has written a letter to a friend, explaining why he did not fire at the South Carolinian battery when they attacked the star of the West. It appears he was not in a position to command the battery. It is very questionable policy for the friends of public officers situated as Major Anderson is to publish private letters.

It is with regret that we announce the death of Mrs. Valentine, the mother of David T. Valentine, the much-respected City Clerk of New York.

DRAMA.

Niblo's.—MR. FORREST AS RICHELIEU.—On Monday last the great tragedian, in compliance with the universal demand, appeared, for the first time in four years, in his unequalled performance of Cardinal Richelieu. As a matter of course the house was filled to repletion by such an audience as any actor might be proud to act before, for there were gathered something of all that is good in New York, judges and lawyers, historians and poets, editors and critics, people in society, and people out of society, all meeting on common ground to render their tribute of admiration to the great actor of the age. "Richelieu" has always been regarded as one of Mr. Forrest's grandest impersonations, and very justly so, for although it does not present the difficulties to be grappled with that meet the artist in "Lear," or "Othello," yet Mr. Forrest presents a picture so utterly perfect, that speak or flow there is none. The colors are all nicely blended, the light and shadow adjusted with consummate art, and the accessories in complete harmony. Mr. Forrest does not by any means confine himself to Bulwer's idea of the wily Cardinal, for the dramatist represents him as more of a politician than statesman; while the actor elevates him to a proper level, and despite the author, makes him live and move the mighty ruler that he actually was. It is not unrequitedly the case that the dramatist is mainly indebted for his success to the representatives of his leading rôle, and this truth was never more patent than in the play under consideration. That Bulwer is in a very large degree indebted to Mr. Forrest for the celebrity attained by his "Richelieu," no one will presume to deny who has witnessed the play with another actor than Mr. Forrest in the principal part. How tame and spiritless does it then appear; one can scarcely realize that they are witnessing the same drama in which Mr. Forrest has so intensely excited their sympathy, so thoroughly engaged their interest. It is when an artist thus creates a part that we see how "grand a creature a great actor really is." Then do we fully appreciate—

"That youngest of the sister arts,
Where all their beauties blend."

It is not our purpose to follow Mr. Forrest through his delineation of "Richelieu," his impersonation of the rôle is a part of dramatic history. Suffice it for us to say that while he has lost none of the intense earnestness and brilliant splendor of his younger day, he has, perhaps, as the result of more mature study, softened down some of the more salient points; thus, as we have before said, presenting a picture perfect in every detail, finished with the highest art. This play has been put upon the stage with great care; the scenery is new, beautiful, and what is still better, appropriate, and it is acted throughout with commendable care.

Mr. Wallack's new theatre is rapidly progressing, and bids fair to be ready for occupancy by the middle of March. Meantime the veteran pushes forward his last season at the old house with undiminished energy. "The Lady of St. Tropez" draws good houses, and will remain on the bill throughout the week.

At Laura Keane's the new actor and the three new scenes have given the "Seven Sisters" a new lease of the public affection. It draws crowds nightly.

Winter Garden.—It is with great regret that we are forced to confess that we did not witness the debut of Mr. Dillon at this house on Thursday evening last; honestly, the horrible weather frightened us, and after taking a walk from the street door we resumed our chair at the fireside and tried to forget that Mr. Dillon was to act that evening. Act he did, however, and is said to have made a genuine success, and we can only hope that he will soon be afforded an opportunity to confirm the good impression he then created.

Professor Hows gave the first of the series of readings at Clinton Hall on Monday evening. The readings throughout were warmly applauded, the scene from "School for Scandal," and "Bob Crotchet's Dinner," receiving enthusiastic encomiums. After the conclusion of the regular programme, Professor Hows recited with thrilling effect the last stanza of Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," commencing—

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State,"

This was a happy thought, and was greeted with prolonged plaudits. The next reading is announced for Monday, February 4th.

Barnum's American Museum.—There is an ever changing variety in the performance at this popular place of amusement, and a constant addition to the rare and interesting curiosities with which the Museum abounds. In the afternoon and evening the brilliant French dramas, "The Lady of St. Tropez," is performed by an excellent dramatic company, and is brought out in a way regardless of expense. This alone is worth the price of admission; but in addition, and without extra charge, the following extraordinary attractions are to be seen both day and night: Old Adam's California Menagerie; the living Mammoth Bear, Samson; the living Black Sea Lion; the two living Aztec Children; the living Abino Family; the living West Is It? the living Canary Bird show; the living Learned Seal; thirty living Monster Snakes; the living Happy Family; Miss Barrow, Double-Voiced Singer; the \$150 Speckled Brook Trout; and the living African Savage; besides nearly a million of other curious things.



Hon. John Cunningham, Brigadier-General and Commanding Officer of the Arsenal.—Phot. by Quinby.
 Hon. A. C. Garlington, Secretary of the Interior.—Photographed by Quinby, Charleston.
 Hon. C. G. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury.—Photographed by Cook, Charleston.

Hon. W. F. Colcock, Collector of the Port.—Photographed by Cook.
 Alfred Huger, Postmaster.—Photographed by Cook.
 Hon. H. F. Jameson, Secretary of War.—Photographed by Quinby.



OUR GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN LADIES—No. 3—MRS. JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.—PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 188.

THE TWO CLERKS; OR, THE STOLEN NOTES.

Rising then in Aldermanbury, in the city of London, was a foreign merchant of high repute, named Armine.

Mr. Armine was a man reported to be very successful in business, very rich and very strict in all his dealings, a just, but not a generous man. He was a foreign merchant, and bought and sold ships' cargoes.

His daughter, Grace Armine, was his only child and heiress. His wife was one of the most quiet, submissive women who always look as though they were suffering some mild sort of martyrdom.

Grace was certainly one of the loveliest and most lovable young creatures it was ever my lot to behold. Perhaps no individual feature of her face could be called critically beautiful, but certainly there was something in the whole expression of the young creature that was irresistibly fascinating, a divine and gentle air of goodness, it was associated with serenity and joyousness that, in the dreariest November day that ever gloomed upon the city of London, would have been sufficient to create an artificial sunshine.

Mr. Armine did not reside in Aldermanbury; his house was in Highgate, one of those old-fashioned, red brick houses, which, although ancient, look as sharp and as rectangular as the day when they were first built. And there, after the business of the day in the city was over, Mr. Armine would retire and enjoy a dignified leisure. While his martyr-like wife worked at some eternal something in the way of stitching or fine sewing, which was never finished, Grace would read to her father, and in the fair summer time it was a pretty picture to see the quiet family sitting in the garden so occupied. It was a picture which was scarcely ever absent from one human heart.

Among the clerks of the merchant was one named Gerald Davidson. He was an orphan lad who had been educated at one of the free city schools, and at the age of fourteen he had been taken into the counting-house of Mr. Armine as junior clerk.

At the time I wish you, kind and courteous reader, to become acquainted with him, he was eighteen years of age. A fine frank, high-spirited lad was Gerald Davidson, although at times there was a halo of melancholy over his face that perhaps arose from the feeling on his mind that he was so completely alone in the world; or perhaps it was the foreshadowing of a terrible incident that was to take place in his career.

This young clerk, then, was a favorite of Mr. Armine, the merchant, that is to say, he preferred him very much to Mark Golby, who sat in the same office with Davidson, and who was some three years older and fifty years cruetier; nay, the comparison is odious, for such a thing as craft never found a resting-place in the heart of young Gerald Davidson.

Now, the merchant was in the habit of leaving his counting-house at three o'clock to go home, and after that hour there was not unfrequently a post-delivery of letters that might be of business importance, so it was the duty of one or other of these two junior clerks to make a packet of late letters and take it up to Highgate, to Mr. Armine's house.

It was but a good breathing-walk from the city to Highgate over the fields of Hoxton, and so on, for a young man of sound lungs and good legs, and the duty had always fallen upon Golby, and so it had happened that he had seen, and to see was to admire Grace Armine.

The old servant of the merchant who frequently opened the iron gates to let in the clerk from the city, would say, "You will find the master in the garden, if you go straight on through the greenhouse."

And Golby would go straight on through the greenhouse, and would see the little group we have spoken of, the martyr wife working and sighing—the merchant enjoying his glass of Zeres wine—and Grace reading.

The packet of letters would be delivered, and the inevitable glass of wine would be poured out for the messenger. Then Golby all the way back to London, would clutch his hands and rave to himself about the beauty of Grace and her probable wealth, and he swore bitter oaths that he would do anything or dare anything to make her his wife.

But although he had put on the most effective looks, as he thought them, whenever he saw her, and although he was in the habit of thinking that no human heart in a female bosom could resist him, he made no progress with Grace. There was the audacious glare of the libertine in his eyes, and the merchant little suspected that his clerk, Mark Golby, led one of the most disreputable lives of any young man in the city.

But such was the case. Mark Golby was a libertine and a lover of pleasure, and many a time had the merchant pined the supposed indisposition of the young man, and excused him from duty when he was only suffering from his own excesses of the preceding night.

By diligence, assiduity and cheerfulness in the performance of his duty, Gerald Davidson rose each day higher and higher in the esteem of his employer, and as Mr. Armine had a fancy that this errand to him with the late letters was not only the duty of the junior clerk, but a little kind of confidential privilege, he gave an order that Gerald was for the future to bring them.

Mark Golby was furious. The two young men were opposite to each other at the same desk, with a brass railing running along its middle, and so dividing the two sleeping portions, when Mr. Armine came into the office and gave the order that Gerald was to bring him his late letters. The face of Golby turned ghastly pale, but while the merchant was present he said not a word.

Gerald Davidson looked up from the ledger he was at work upon, and replied, "With pleasure, sir. I will take great care and be at Highgate as soon as possible."

"No hurry, young man—no hurry," replied Mr. Armine, as he went away. Then Golby looked up and a muttered imprecation let Davidson see the state of his feelings on the subject. "Why, you sneaking fellow," he said, "so you have been carrying the governor, have you, to let you take the letters? Ah! Bah! I hate such meanness!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Gerald. "I never earwig any one."

"Ha! ha! Much good may it do you! Ha! ha! Oh, I hate you!"—"I am very sorry to hear you say so, Golby."

"Oh, are you. Of course you are. I see how it is; you are creeping into favor, and I am to be thrown into the background. It was only the other day that I overheard you and Mr. Armine speaking of me! Oh, I heard you! I was close to the keyhole of his room! It was no good that such a sneak as you were saying of your fellow-clerks, I'll be bound."

"Golby, if you call me a sneak again, I will come round to you."—"You! You!"

"Yes!"—"And what then?"

"I will knock you down!"

"You, you little thing. You knock me down? Why, I will eat you! Come on!"

"I said I would if you called me a sneak again, which you have wisely abstained from doing."

"You have said," added Davidson, "that you listened at the keyhole of Mr. Armine's private room, and heard him speaking to me of you! Putting aside for a moment the intolerable meanness of the act of listening at the keyhole, I will tell you what he said."—"Oh, you will?"

"I will. He asked me if I had noticed that you came to business with so strong an odor of state, obsequious along with you."—"Ah!"

"And I said 'No'!"—"Oh, you did?"

"I did!"—"Thank you for nothing!"

"There is nothing to thank me for, since if you had often come to business with such an odor about you, I should have said 'Yes'!"

The look of hatred that Golby bent upon his truthful fellow-clerk over the brass rail of the double desk was terrible to see, and then he ground out between his set teeth, the words, "Look out! Look out! That's all!"

Gerald Davidson only smiled, and that day he took the letters up to Highgate, and that day, for the first time, he saw Grace Armine, and from that day he lived but for her. To say that he loved her to say but little. She was the personification of all his dreams of excellence and beauty.

And what did Grace think of the young clerk? She split the wine that her father told her to hand to him, and that night Grace sat at the open window of her bedroom looking at the moon on the garden for a longer period than was prudent, considering the night mist, and when she at last turned away, it was with a deep sigh she said, "I wonder if he will bring the letters to-morrow?"

Such then, was the state of affairs between the two clerks and the merchant and his family.

It was four months after that first visit of Gerald Davidson to Highgate, that Mr. Grove, an attorney with whom I was acquainted, brought me a cause to my chambers. I was by no means busy, and was glad of practice, let it be what it might.

The case was a criminal one. Gerald Davidson, clerk to Mr. William Armine, merchant, had been committed for trial for a sum of six hundred and forty pounds, the money of his employer. Some unknown hand had sent to Mr. Grove the sum of twenty pounds, with a request that he would use it in defence of the prisoner, who had no money and no friends, and Mr. Grove had accordingly gone to Newgate to see him, and then had drawn a brief and brought it to me.

"Well," said I, "some young rump, I suppose."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Grove, "you are completely mistaken; for if that young man is guilty, you and I share the plunder."

"I am an expert to you how entirely I am convinced of his innocence."

"Then now come he to be secured and committed?"

"You will see you will see! But first let me tell you the whole story."

Mr. Grove then related to me a great part of what I have related to you, reader; some of the minor particulars, however, are due to subsequent information I received.

The case against Gerald Davidson was this: Mr. Armine, it appeared, to

accommodate a poor, struggling merchant, named Wells, who was rather largely in his debt, had taken some bills of him to a very considerate amount, and as those bills came due, he was in the habit of lending any sum of money which Wells was short of to make up the amount to meet them. One of these bills for a thousand pounds had become due, and Wells wanted six hundred and forty pounds to help him to pay it. Mr. Armine came into the small office where Golby and Davidson were, and in his hand he held a packet of bank-notes, and placing them before Gerald, he said, "Davidson, you will take the notes for six hundred and forty pounds to Mr. Wells, of Old Change, and give them to him personally, as it is a private transaction in which I do not wish my cheque to appear."

"Yes, sir."

"Do as soon as you conveniently can."—"At once, sir. Have you the numbers of the notes, sir?"

"No; you take them."—"I will, sir."

Gerald took the numbers of the notes, and as he did so, Golby, after casting upon him a look of hatred and scorn, opened the lid of his desk, and Gerald heard him partaking of the offering draught so sheltered, for he had evidently passed a night of great rest and interperence.

Gerald bore no malice, and had quite forgotten and forgiven the conduct of Golby towards him, so he said, as he heard what Golby was about, "You will kill yourself if you go on as you do."—"Or you?" cried Golby, fiercely.—"I! Well—well—well!"—"Yes, it is well! Ha! as well as possible!"

Gerald, finding his fellow-clerk in so ill-conditioned a frame of mind, said no more, but packed the notes into a small parcel, and sealed it with the office seal, and put the parcel inside his desk and locked it, while he went along a passage to a small room where the clerks could wash their hands and change their office-clothes for out-of-door garments.

When Gerald came back the packet of notes was outside his desk. Gerald paused. "Why, I could have sworn I put the packet in my desk and locked it!"—"Eh?" said Golby, with an abstracted air. "I saw you lock up the sealing-wax."—"Did I?"—"Yes."—"Oh, well, it doesn't matter."

Gerald took up the packet of notes and left the office, but as he did so he heard Golby utter a strange sound, some thing like the howl of a wolf mingled with the laugh of a hyena.

"What is the matter?" said Davidson, putting his head in at the office door.—"Nothing at all; only I don't feel quite well."

Gerald shook his head, as if he would say, "I don't wonder at that," and went on his errand. Mr. Wells was not at home, and he waited at that merchant's house in the Old Change for some time until he came in, when feeling that he would be late at Aldermanbury, he gave him the notes very hastily, and ran off as quickly as he could.

When Gerald reached Aldermanbury again, Mr. Armine had gone home, and the letter-box had several letters in it. These Gerald hastily collected and made into a bundle, with which he started for Highgate at once. He saw Grace, and took another deep draught of love. Never did he think she looked so lovely as on that evening; and he thought that never had the shade of melancholy that was a general ailment upon the face of Gerald been so conspicuous, and that made her look dead, and that again made Gerald feel unhappy, and a manner, in order to conceal his feeling from Mr. Armine and the martyr wife, was strictly contrained.

A quick, smart rain was falling when Gerald Davidson took his departure from the merchant's house at Highgate, and by the time he reached the quiet, humble lodgings he occupied in St. Martin's-le-Grand he was very wet.

N.W. Gerald had, for the last few weeks, pondered over an idea that he had, that idea was that he would like to live at Highgate, so that at night he might be able to wander about Mr. Armine's house, and perhaps catch glimpses of Grace, to say nothing of the opportunity of going to the same church that she went to on the Sunday morning, which he could then do with some sort of excuse.

All the way, then, as he went in the rain to his lodgings he discussed the matter with himself; and by the time he arrived at home he had made up his mind, and setting his landlady in the passage, he said, "Mrs. Hartup, I am sorry to say that I shall be away from the house for a few days."

"Well, it can't be helped. I want to live in the country, you see."—"Ah, you are getting too genteel for our poor house!"

"Not at all—not at all! Although," added poor Gerald with a smile, as he thought of the beauty of Grace, "I have found a treasure!"

He walked into the little parlor that he occupied, and then Mrs. Hartup called after him, "Oh, I forgot—Mr. Golby has been here!"—"Golby?"

"Yes, Mr. Davidson. He wanted to see you, he said, very much."—"That is strange. He never called on me before."

Gerald went to bed in the back room, or rather in a small closet at the back of the parlor, which had been made by hanging a curtain over a deep recess; and he slept long and calmly, being only awakened by the sun shining in upon him.

Then, to his great surprise, he heard his landlady say in the outer room, "He is generally up earlier than this, sir."

The voice that spoke in reply to her astonished Gerald Davidson, for it was Mark Golby's—"I will wait for him, madam. It is early yet."

"Why, Golby!" called out Davidson.—"Ah, you are awake."

"Yes. What is it?"—"I want to see you. I want to speak to you."

"I will get up directly. I shall not be five minutes. Sit down."—"I will."

When Davidson came out, Golby held out his hand to him, and said, "You made quite an impression upon me when you said I was killing myself, and I mean to mend my mode of life, and I have come to thank you."

"Good morning. I mean to be a new man. Good-bye, Davidson."

Golby turned away, but Gerald remarked that he had never once, while speaking to him, looked him fairly in the face.

Gerald found that he was rather late, and so he hurried over his breakfast. He had just finished it when a sharp knock came at his room door—"Come in."

A man with a cold, hard-looking face, and a stick, the knob end of which he kept up to his lips, entered the room. There was the edge of a red waistcoat just showing itself inside the buttoned-up coat of this man.

"Is your name Davidson?"—"Yes, Gerald Davidson."

"Ah, well! I'm Mouldy!"—"Mouldy?"

"Yes. Heard of me, I suppose?"—"No."

"That's what you do say! You don't say anything to criminate yourself, you know, 'cos what you do say I shall report; but you are my prisoner."—"Prisoner! Good Heaven!"

"Take it easy."—"What? What?"

"What's the charge, you mean? All's right! It's for stealing six hundred and forty pounds in notes, of your master, Mr. Armine."

Gerald looked bewildered.

"I shall—what?"—"That's the dodge!"

"What's that dodge?"—"Deny it! That's the way; now come along of me. We can go arm in arm quite comfortable, and nobody will know that we ain't pals, and as thick as—"—"Well, I won't say that! Come on!"

The bewildered Gerald was taken before the Lord Mayor, and the evidence against him came to this: When he opened the parcel Gerald had given him he found only some waste paper, and no note or notes at all.

While the examination was going on before the Lord Mayor, Mouldy, the officer, had gone back to the lodging of Gerald to search it, and he returned, and held up a fifty pound note, which he had found in the fire grate, behind the ornamental shavings that were there, as it was summer-time.

Mr. Armine at once identified the note as one of those he had given to Gerald for Mr. Wells. This was conclusive.

The Lord Mayor shook his head. The Chief Clerk shook his head. Everybody in court shook their heads, and then the Lord Mayor said, "Prisoner, I shall commit you for trial on this most serious charge. If you like to say anything you may, but I warn you it will be used against you."

"By the bye, I have above me, I am innocent!" said Gerald.

"Ah, well! What a hardened young rascal! Committed for trial, and Mr. Armine bound over to prosecute. Call the next case."

Gerald was conveyed to Newgate, and the case was brought to me.

I looked at Mr. Grove, and Mr. Grove looked at me, and I am afraid I looked very much like the Lord Mayor, as I shook my head.

"Well?" said Mr. Grove.—"Well?" said I.

"What do you think?"—"That he will be transported."

"Come and see him."—"If you wish it."

"Come at once; for until you do, you are not in a fit state to give an opinion about him."

At once accompanied Mr. Grove to Newgate, and held an hour's consultation with Gerald Davidson, who told me of one or the other of two propositions. Either Gerald was innocent, or, for all time to come, so long as I lived, I should have no confidence in human nature.

But what was to be done? The Sessions were on at the Old Bailey—it was then Tuesday, and on Friday Gerald would be tried. I sat up the whole of that Tuesday night in deep thought, and so soon as I could with any propriety, I sent for Mr. Grove, who was quickly with me.

"Mr. Grove," I said, "we are not to consider Mr. Armine, I suppose, as an enemy?"—"Oh, no, no."

"Then I want to see him. Will you come with me?"—"With pleasure."

We went to Aldermanbury, and I entered the outer office—and there, for the first time, I saw Mark Golby; he was hard at work, and on our entrance he looked up with a mock serious face, as he said, "What may be your pleasure, gentlemen?"

"I want," said I, "to see Mr. Armine."—"Certainly, gentlemen. What names shall I have the pleasure to say?"

We gave our names. I fancy Golby knew them, for a slight flush came over his face, as he led us into the merchant's private room.

We were received courteously by Mr. Armine, and I said at once, "Sir, I am the counsel of Gerald Davidson; this is his solicitor. I am quite sure, sir, that you have but one feeling in the matter, and that is a desire that justice should be done."—"Mr. Armine bowed."

"In which case," I added, "may I ask your permission to make inquiries in your office?"—"Anything you please, gentlemen. I am full of affliction, but I suppose troubles never come single."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, sir, and hope that nothing else but the pain you must feel in this transaction is at present afflicting you. The loss, too, is unpleasant."

"Not at all—not at all! I would gladly have given ten times the amount, to have retained my good opinion of Gerald Davidson; but my daughter lies dangerously ill, and so can none of us tell what is the matter with her. Then another strange accident has happened in this place."—"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes. I cannot understand it; but on the very morning after the affair of the notes with Davidson, when my counting-house was opened, who should be found lying there in a state of insensibility, but a boy of the name of Butts, who belongs to the charity school of my ward—or who did belong to it till I employed him to run errands. He was to have gone back to the workhouse at

night, when he had done his work, and he was a hearty lad enough; but he held I he is found in my counting-house, and appears now to be quite idiotic."

"Is he here, sir?"—"I believe so. I fancy he is in the kitchen, with Mrs. Palmer, the housekeeper."

At this moment there came a hurried tap at the door of the room, and on Mr. Armine crying out, "Come in," an elderly woman just came in far enough to drop on her knees on the floor, and then she began to sob out, "Oh, sir, sir, I will confess all about Butts. You see, sir, he didn't like to go back to the workhouse of a night, so I let him lay down on the mats in the counting-house, and nobody but the wiser, you see, sir—and that's all!"

"You were very wrong,"—"I was, sir."

"But that," said I, "while it accounts for the boy being there, does not account for the changed state he is in."

"Not in the least," said Mr. Armine. "I have sent for my own physician to see him, and here I fancy, he is! Ah, doctor, how are you?"

The merchant then explained the case, and the physician went at once, accompanied by us all, to visit the boy, who was in the kitchen, and sitting by the fire, and looking very strange and vacant.

"Well, my boy," said the physician, "what is the matter?"—"The boy only moved slightly, but made no reply."

"There is something serious the matter here," said the physician. "Has he had a fall?"—"Nob-dy knew."

"Or a blow on the head, or about the back of the neck on the spine."

Nobody could give any information, but we were all terrified by the boy suddenly as-up, a rigid look about the face, and his limbs twitching; after which he fell down to the floor of the kitchen, and, but that he breathed slowly, he might have been dead.

"Catalepsy!" said the physician. "There is some cause for this, if we can but find it out. He must be got to bed at once."

The boy was got to bed in the same rigid state that he had fallen into, and nothing further could be said about him. He was left in the hands of the physician, who sent off a note to a friend of his, an eminent surgeon, to come into consultation on the case.

All this was very mysterious, but it did not seem to help the defence of Gerald Davidson in the least; and now we went into the office where poor Gerald's desk was, and we all looked at it carefully. The lock was perfectly sound, and opened and shut with ease, but Mr. Grove asked Mr. Armine to show a key which he sent for, and he at once consented. The lock of the desk was taken off, and the locksmith carefully examined it.

"This lock," he said, "has been recently locked and unlocked with a skeleton key."

But I went down the lid of Golby's desk at this moment, and he said, "I beg pardon, gentlemen; it slipped out of my hands."

"Are you sure of what you say?" asked Mr. Armine.—"Quite, sir. These scratches could never come from the regular key, which, you see, is completely worn and smooth."

There, then, was a fact, and a strange one, too, but what could we make of it? We seemed to be as far off as ever from arriving at the mystery of the whole transaction.

Mr. Grove and I held such a consultation as surely was never yet given to any case of such a kind, in any chamber, as this was very strange, but in the midst of all our discussion I could not get rid of the skeleton key, which we had been regarded by Mark Golby as we left the merchant's office in Aldermanbury.

Up to that time we were not in a position to in any way implicate Golby in the transaction, and yet that there was some terrible mystery which wanted some clue to its development we did not entertain a doubt; for the more we thought over the affair the more we both felt convinced of the innocence of Gerald Davidson.

Nothing transpired, however, that was at all favorable to the accused; and the morning of the trial came on, with a certainty in my mind of a conviction, for what on earth could be said in opposition to the facts for the prosecution? I gave up Gerald as lost. Yet I was resolved to do all that man could do in his favor. I had no fixed line of defence—none suggested itself. I could do absolutely nothing but go into court, or the prisoner, and watch the case.

A feeling was upon my mind that the very strange and mysterious condition of the poor charity boy, Butts, was in some way connected with the whole affair, and yet there was no visible link in the chain of circumstance that could in any direct manner favor such a supposition. I called at Mr. Armine's on the night before the trial.

The boy was in the same catleptic state that he had been in on the occasion of our visit. He had not moved or spoken. They fed him just sufficient to keep life in him; and the case was each day gathering interest in the profession.

It was very strange, too, that late on the night before the trial another sum of one hundred pounds was sent to Mr. Grove, with a note, in which were these words: "For the love of God and of innocence, defend Gerald Davidson."

These words were evidently in a feminine hand, and it was as evident that the hand was weak and tremulous, for the writing was terribly shaken. All that Mr. Grove's clerks could say was that the letter was left by an elderly woman, who was evidently in deep grief; and they, not knowing from whom the letter came, or on account of what transaction it was brought, made no effort to follow her.

Well, there was nothing in all that, beyond the fact that some one took a kindly interest in the young clerk, as well as we did; and, in truth, the money was not required, for so interested were we both—that is, Mr. Grove and I—that we would have done all that it was possible to do without a thought of fee or reward.

The Friday on which the trial was to come on was that day at the Old Bailey Sessions when those who are charged with offences that the statute-book declares punishable with death were usually brought on. Gerald Davidson's offence was not of that description, but it was only one degree below it.

At half-past ten o'clock the trial commenced, and an extraordinary degree of interest appeared to be felt in the case, for I never saw a larger collection of counsel in their robes and wigs, nor a denser crowd in the court. The Judge was one of the most eminent that ever sat on the bench, and I could see that he had the depositions before him, and was perusing them with great attention, and making marginal notes.

So soon as the preliminaries of swearing the jury, and formally opening the Court, were gone through Gerald was placed at the bar.

There was a suppressed murmur of sympathy in the Court on his appearance, but I cannot characterize by another word than that of a connoisseur. He was the last person certainly any one would have picked out of a crowd as accused of a crime of any kind. But how sad and pale he looked. His youth looked blighted, and his young life cast away for ever.

The indictment was read, and he was asked to plead.—"Not guilty!" He uttered the words quietly, and without any addition or display, as innocent people are apt to do.

The trial proceeded. The junior counsel for the prosecution stated the brief facts, and the senior rose amid a breathless stillness, and addressed the Court and jury.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, it happens, at times, that the duty of a counsel is at once painful and intricate; that he has to lay before you a case that, although it may involve a presumption of guilt, is yet of that complicated character that a process of argumentation is required in order to enable it to seem clear to the comprehension of those to whom it is submitted. It is then painful to a counsel, acting for a prosecution, to ask for a verdict, because he feels that human judgment is liable to err, and he is in dread that the eloquence of the advocate may invest facts, which in themselves are of small moment, with a fictitious significance. Gentlemen, such is not my position at this moment. I rise before you with pain and anxiety, because I cannot look with indifference upon one so young—one who bears about him so ingenious, and I may say, intellectual an appearance as the prisoner at the bar, but that other source of pain and anxiety of which I have spoken I do not feel. Gentlemen, this is one of the most singularly plain and straight-forward cases that ever came before a judge and jury. I wish there were doubts, but there are none. I wish it were circumstances on which to hang some likely hypothesis of the prisoner's innocence; but it is my duty to tell you that there is none such. In a few words, I can narrate to you the facts—and unhappily for him, and for us all, they are facts. The prisoner is an orphan, and was taken from one of the city schools into the service of Mr. Armine, the eminent Finabury merchant. He had a commencing salary of fifty-two pounds per annum, with every prospect of rising to a respectable and comfortable position. On the 4th inst., Mr. Armine placed in his hands the sum of six hundred and forty pounds in notes of the Bank of England, with directions to place them in the hands of a Mr. Wells, of Old Change. The prisoner went to Mr. Wells, and placed a packet in his hands, and ran off. The packet contained waste paper. The prisoner then went to the office, and took the late letters, which it was his duty to carry to Highgate to Mr. Armine's house, and left them there; and then went to his lodgings, and gave notice to quit, telling his landlady that he had found a treasure. He slept, or was presumed to sleep, at his lodgings that night; but Mr. Wells having found out the pretended notes to be waste paper, had sought out Mr. Armine; and Mouldy, the well-known floor, was sent for, who took the prisoner into custody on the charge of stealing the notes, and on a careful examination of his apartment, found this note for fifty pounds, concealed in the fireplace. The count held up the note. Gentlemen of the jury, I have nothing further to say than that if I prove these facts, as you

OUR GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN LADIES.

MRS. J. J. CRITTENDEN.

Mrs. CRITTENDEN has been for a number of years one of the most distinguished ladies at the Republican Court at Washington, her elegance of manner, not less than her eminent social position, making her the centre of a brilliant, intellectual and influential circle. A Kentuckian by birth, the lady whose portrait we to-day give was early married and widowed. In the bloom of early womanhood she was again married to General Ashley, famous in the first quarter of the present century as an enterprising and successful leader of trappers in the Rocky Mountains, by which he amassed a large fortune, and, having taken up his residence in St. Louis, served in Congress for a number of years from Missouri. Beckwourth, the noted mountaineer, scout and pioneer, was engaged in early days by General Ashley, and in his startling memoirs gives us a very suggestive glimpse at the beautiful wife of his General. Seeing her suddenly, and for the first time, he thus records the meeting:

"I turned and really thought I was looking on an angel's face. She moved towards me with such grace, and uttered such dulcet and harmonious sounds, that I was riveted to the spot. It was the first time I had seen the lady of General Ashley.

"I accepted her invitation, and was shown into a neat little parlor, the lady taking a seat at the window, to act as my entertainer until the return of the General.

"If I mistake not," she said, "you are a mountaineer?"

"I put on all the airs possible, and replied, 'Yes, madam; I was with General Ashley when he first went to the mountains.'

"Her grace and affability so charmed me that I could not fix my ideas upon all the remarks she addressed to me."

After the death of General Ashley his widow resided at St. Louis, in the winter generally resuming her position in Washington. About the time of Mr. Crittenden's Attorney-Generalship in the Cabinet of Mr. Fillmore, the elegant Mrs. Ashley became the wife of the great Kentucky orator and statesman, and to this day continues to add a charm to the society of the political metropolis, and to draw around her the most beautiful women and talented men in the capital. The same grace and affability which captivated Beckwourth, the mountaineer, is not less effective to-day. The harmonious manner and conversational elegance of Mrs. Crittenden are proverbial.

THE HON. ROBERT BARNWELL RHETT.

ROBERT BARNWELL RHETT (formerly Smith) was born in the town Beaufort, South Carolina, on the 24th December, A.D. 1800, being the fourth son of his parents, James and Marianna Smith, whose maiden name was Gough. He was one of six sons and four daughters, who grew up to maturity and had families. He inherited much of the distinguished blood of the colony, being descended from Governor Yeomans, who founded the present city of Charleston; Governor Landgrave Smith, who introduced the culture of rice; from the two Governors Moore, Colonel William Rhett and Colonel John Barnwell, who were largely instrumental in throwing off the oppressive proprietary government, and in crushing the power of the great Indian tribes and of the pirates that threatened and annoyed the colony.

Mr. Rhett received a private education of the most thorough and varied description, and at the age of nineteen commenced, under written instruction from Mr. Thomas Grimke, of Charleston, S. C., to prepare for entering the bar of that State. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to practice, commencing his career at Coosawhatie, Beaufort district, where he gained considerable reputation for his forensic efforts. In 1823 he formed a copartnership with his friend, R. W. Barnwell, and went to Walterboro', Colleton district, where he established a lucrative legal business.

In 1828 he entered the State Legislature at the head of the ticket from St. Bartholomew. He here distinguished himself for his boldness in advocating the Constitutional power of impeachment, until then in abeyance. During several sessions, Mr. Rhett served as Chairman on the leading Committee of Ways and Means, taking a prominent and influential part in every matter of importance before the House. In 1830 the Tariff became a law. Mr. Rhett, on that occasion, in the village of Walterboro', caused the people of Colleton district to be assembled in a public



THE CITADEL CADETS, OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.



HON. ROBERT BARNWELL RHETT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY COOK, CHARLESTON, S. C.

in his opinions. The political services of Mr. Rhett in Carolina terminated with his election, in place of Mr. Pettigru, to the office of Attorney-General in 1833.

On going to Washington, he, for the first time signed his name Rhett, in recording himself as a Member of Congress. The change from Smith was made by agreement of the six brothers, and with the assent of the State Legislature. It originated with Albert, the youngest, and Thomas, the eldest, and had no motive except a preference and the perpetuation of the name of a favorite colonial ancestor, which had become extinct. Barnwell was indifferent in the matter, but conformed to the wishes of his brothers.

In 1836 he was elected to Congress from the Congressional district then composed of Beaufort and Colleton. In 1837 Mr. Rhett supported Mr. Van Buren's Independent Treasury system with great success. In 1838, Mr. Slade, afterwards Governor of Vermont, from the Anti-Slavery zeal he displayed in Congress, delivered a speech in the House of Representatives on the presentation of Abolition petitions, and assailed the institution of slavery in Virginia. Mr. Wise, the late Governor of that State, called Mr. Slade to order; but Mr. Rhett arose and said the discussion raised no question of order, but was a gross insult to all the members from the South, and proposed that they should leave the hall. He then left his seat and retired from the hall, followed by many of the Southern members. Mr. Slade ceased to speak, the Northern members were panic-stricken, and the House adjourned. That afternoon and night the Southern members held a meeting in one of the Committee-rooms, and agreed upon a certain resolution prohibiting the consideration of Abolition petitions by the body. This was offered the next morning by Mr. Patton, of Virginia, and gladly adopted by the House, constituting, in substance, we believe, the regulation afterwards incorporated as the celebrated Twenty-first Regular Rule.

In 1842 the Compromise Tariff Bill was set aside, as Mr. Rhett had predicted nine years before, and the high protective duties were restored. For the next three years Mr. Rhett occupied his usual distinguished position as a staunch defender of Southern rights.

In 1845 his eloquent opposition to the war cry of "54.40 or fight!" mainly saved this country from the impending war with England on the Oregon Boundary question. During the Mexican war he was a fearless advocate of that measure, and sustained the policy of Polk throughout that brief but glorious struggle.

In 1849 Mr. Rhett declined a re-election to the House, and in December, 1850, was elected to the Senate, and in the course of that session had his famous debate with Mr. Clay, but the discussion was prematurely closed through the illness of Mr. Clay's friends.

In 1851 and 1852 he was in favor of Secession, should the North exclude the South from the common territory, pronouncing the Compromise as a sham; but the Convention of South Carolina refusing to secede at that time, Mr. Rhett immediately resigned his seat in the Senate.

The recent unhappy difficulties, and the unflinching and consistent course pursued by Mr. Rhett are too fresh in the public mind to need recapitulation. A contemporary thus describes the appearance of the great Secessionist: "In personal appearance, though not decidedly handsome, Mr. Rhett had good features and that indescribable air of high breeding and intellect which renders a man distinguished. Six feet in height, his figure, though slight, was well proportioned and erect, with good shoulders, narrow hips and straight, well-made legs, small feet and soft white hands. His head was of moderate size, yet it was full and round, phrenologically developing much power, and setting off his figure from a symmetrical neck of aristocratic length. In speaking, his attitude was erect, earnest and dignified; with rapid utterance, his voice rang out high, clear and unflinching. He never became hoarse from speaking. His style of speaking was eminently logical and impassioned, appealing at the same time both to the reason and feelings. But there was never anything theatrical in his manner. The man was ever forgotten in his subject, and the speaker appeared the living embodiment of the thoughts he uttered. His views were original and broad, addressed to the pith of the matter. He did not waste time in superfluities or mere detail."

THE CHARLESTON CITY CADETS.

We engrave in our issue for the current week a representative group of the now famous City Cadets, of Charleston.

These young warriors, who promise to render their native State such efficient service in the event of hostile engagements with the Federal Government, pass first through a primary course of education in the Military Academy at Columbia, the Capital of South Carolina. Here they undergo a year's tuition. Now, upon pass-

ing through a satisfactory examination, they are promoted to the Citadel in Charleston, where, after three years more have passed away, their education is considered complete.

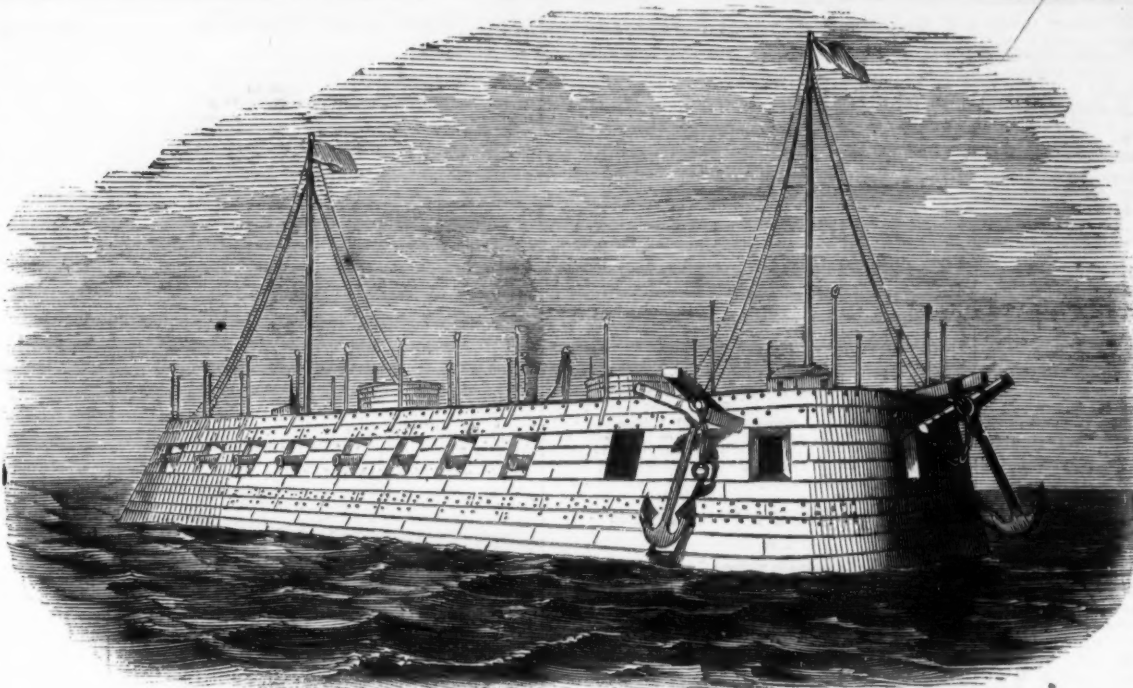
There is a certain number of beneficiaries among the Cadets who are supported by the State; the rest receive their tuition free, but have to depend upon themselves or their parents for their board and clothing.

These Cadets are, almost without exception, an extremely fine set of young men. They are efficient as drill-sergeants to the raw recruits of the new army, and, in point of strategic skill, may be considered, taken altogether, as the right arm of the South Carolina military body.

By an Act of the State Legislature, passed on the 24th ult., the Charleston Cadets were put in charge of the late United States Arsenal in that city.

THE AUSTRIAN FLOATING BATTERY AT VENICE.

This battery, which bears the name of the Spitfire, is intended for the defence of the Porto di Malamocco at Venice. It measures at the lower part about one hundred and fifty-four feet in length, and fifty-four feet in breadth. The upper deck is one hundred and fifty feet long, and forty-eight feet broad. The sides are massive walls of oak, eighteen inches thick, covered externally by iron plates four inches thick, fastened by iron and brass screws, thus presenting an impenetrable resisting power. Fore and aft this huge battery has two anchors of fifty hundred each. Round it there are



SIDE VIEW OF THE AUSTRIAN FLOATING BATTERY IN THE HARBOR OF VENICE.

OFFICERS OF THE NEW PALMETTO REPUBLIC.

Hon. D. F. Jameson.

This eminent Secessionist was born in Orangeburg district, South Carolina, in 1807. His ancestors were famous in the great war of our Independence. Born to a handsome competence, he resolved to study for the law, and after graduating at South Carolina College he was admitted to the bar, but soon became disgusted with the musty study of Themis. For many years he held a prominent position in the State Legislature, and commanded a brigade of cavalry.

Mr. Memminger was chosen a delegate to the late Sovereign Convention of his native State, and at present holds the high position of Secretary of the Treasury in the Governor's Council, or South Carolina State Cabinet.

Mr. M. married a Miss Wilkinson, daughter of a wealthy planter of Georgetown. He has for many years evinced the deepest interest in the educational affairs of his State; has, in fact, completely renovated its public school system, basing his improvements upon observations made during personal visits to similar establishments in New York and Boston. Mentally Mr. Memminger is a cool, calculating man, especially shrewd in all matters of finance. He is a member in good standing of the Episcopal Church. He is fifty years old.

Hon. W. F. Colcock.

Hon. W. F. Colcock, is a son of the distinguished Judge Colcock, of South Carolina, and a member of one of the oldest and most highly respectable families of that State.

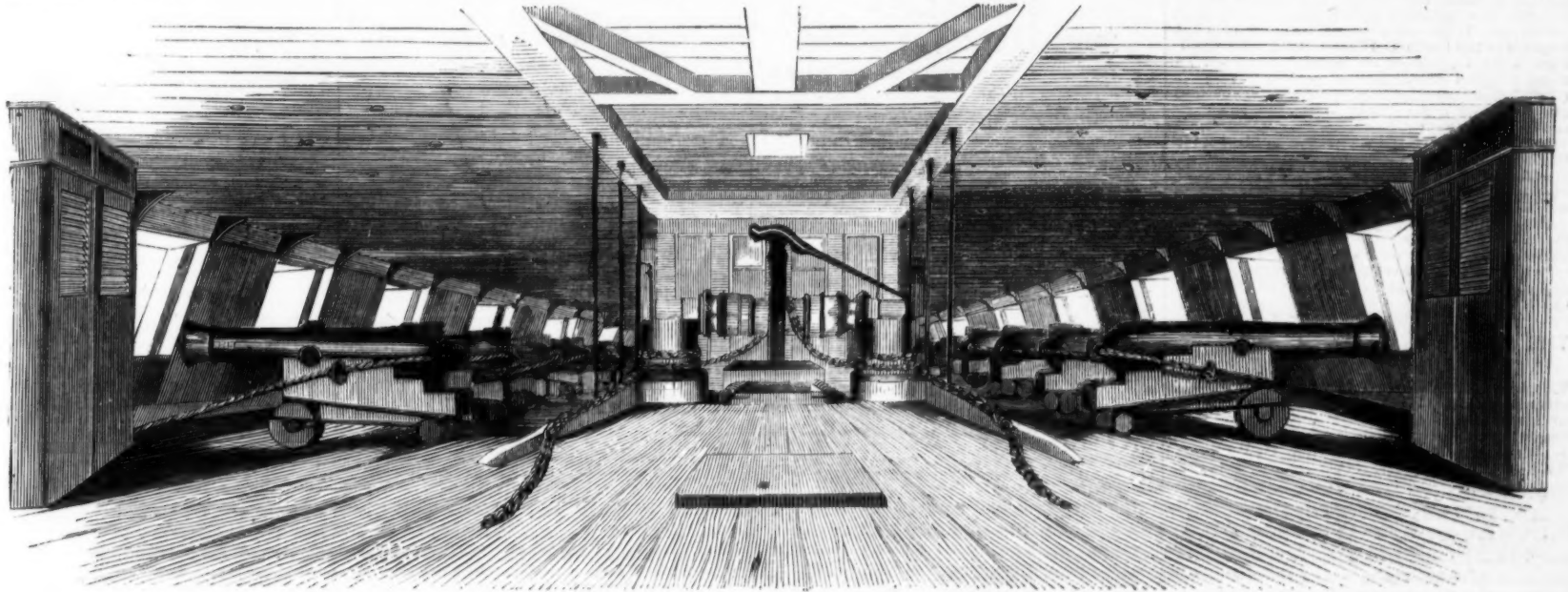
Mr. Colcock was the recipient of an excellent education, and soon after reaching his majority attained legislative honors. Some years ago he held a seat in the lower house of the United States Congress. In 1853 he succeeded W. J. Grayson, Esq. (who combined poetry and business, and has made himself known as the author of "The Hiring and the Slave," "The Country," &c.), as Collector for the port of Charleston, a position which he continues to hold up to the present time.

On the election of Lincoln Mr. Colcock's feelings prompted him instantly to throw up his commission. But, foreseeing the consequences of such a resignation, he permitted his judgment to assume the ascendancy over his inclinations. He foresaw that, if he threw up his commission, no man in South Carolina would hold it, and that no man out of South Carolina would be allowed to hold it. He foresaw that, according to all laws of commerce, if a vessel sailed out of Charleston harbor without the regular papers signed by the Collector of the port, that the effect would be to more effectively blockade that port than would the presence of a hostile squadron outside the bar. And, foreseeing this, he did not hastily throw up his commission, but continued to hold it, as at present, subject to the direction of the Convention of the people of South Carolina.

Alfred Huger,

Whose venerable face the combined arts of the photographer and engraver have enabled us this week to introduce to our readers, is of Huguenot descent, and consequently a member of one of the most ancient and aristocratic families in all the State of South Carolina.

He is a brother of the late distinguished Judge Huger, who (it is a singular historic



VIEW OF THE SECOND DECK OF THE AUSTRIAN FLOATING BATTERY AT VENICE.

twenty-four portholes, of which only sixteen—eight on each side—are mounted with guns, but in case of necessity these guns can be transported to the other portholes. The interior of the battery comprises three divisions, the lower of which is kept exclusively for storing balls. The lower deck (Fig. 1) has *a*, two powder rooms; *b*, two rooms for anchor-chains; *c*, two places for storing grenades; *d*, in the middle iron water cisterns; at the sides, *e*, storerooms for provisions; and *f*, twelve cabins, of which four on either side are for officers. In the long corridors, *g*, hammocks are slung. The second deck (Fig. 2) is planted on each side *a*, right and left, with eight pieces of cannon (forty-eight pounders), and between the guns hammocks are slung; *b*, a large iron cooking machine, of excellent construction and furnished with an iron chimney; *c*, dining-room for the officers; *d*, salle and bedchamber of the commander; *e*, closets. The upper deck is covered with iron plates thinner than those on the sides of the battery, being only an inch and a quarter thick. In the middle the chimney of the cooking-machine rises from the second deck. Right and left of the chimney there are two circular towerlike buildings with loopholes, whence muskets may be fired in case an enemy should succeed in reaching the upper deck, access to which is gained from the deck below. On the upper deck skylights, fore and aft, admit light to the second deck. With the exception of these skylights, the flagstaffs, the iron poles and rails for spreading the awnings, and the small apertures serving as entrances from the second deck, the upper deck is perfectly clear and unincumbered. This floating battery was towed to the present mooring-place. It is manned by a crew of two hundred and eighty.

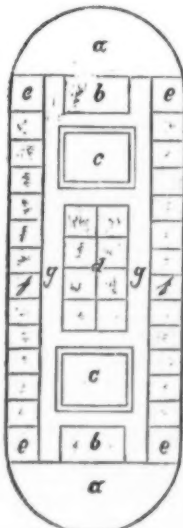
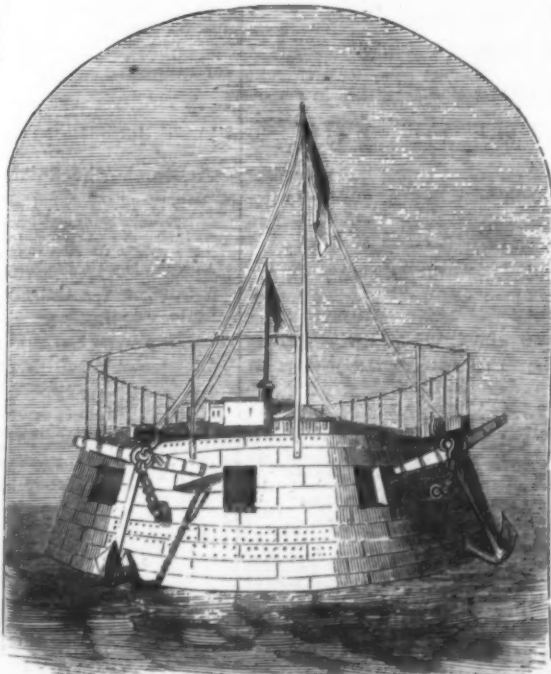


Fig. 1



FRONT VIEW OF THE AUSTRIAN FLOATING BATTERY.



Fig. 2

THE GIRL OF MY HEART—Oyster Patty.

fact), was the first man in the Confederacy to propose a means by which negro slavery could slowly and easily be abolished from our midst. The proposition we refer to was made some thirty-five years ago in a general Convention of the States held in Philadelphia, at which Judge Huger, as delegate from South Carolina, was present. The subject of our sketch succeeded Mr. Huger in the Postmaster's office of the city of Charleston on nearly a quarter of a century ago, a position which he to-day still occupies. Mr. Huger is a man of extremely venerable appearance, being at the present time fully eighty years old. He is held in the highest esteem and regard by his fellow-citizens.

Col. John Cunningham.

We give to the public in our present issue a faithful portrait of the gentleman whose name stands as the caption to these lines.

Mr. Cunningham, as the prefix to his name denotes, is a Colonel in the South Carolina State service. In addition to this office of military trust, Mr. Cunningham holds, and has for some time held, a seat in the House of Representatives of the South Carolina Legislature. He was also the editor of the Charleston Evening News, up to a very recent date, and will continue to be the proprietor of that journal.

Colonel Cunningham is of small and wiry build, and is a man of undoubted personal courage; indeed, he belongs to a family which has been from time immemorial known as "the fighting Cunninghams." He is a cousin of Governor Pickens.

Hon. A. C. Garlington.

On Sunday, the 30th day of December last, the South Carolina Sovereign Convention, in extraordinary session assembled elected Hon. A. Gordon Murray Secretary of State; Hon. C. G. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury; Hon. D. F. Jamieson, Secretary of War; and Hon. A. C. Garlington, Secretary of the Interior, to the new Commonwealth.

In our issue of two weeks since we gave our readers a lifelike portrait of the first-mentioned gentleman. In our issue of to-day we present the portraits of the three others, and thus complete our gallery of the South Carolina Council of Safety, or State Cabinet.

The Hon. Mr. Garlington, with whom we have principally to do in the present brief sketch, is a member of the State Senate from the "up country," as the northern and mountainous part of Palmetto is called. Mr. Garlington is a wealthy planter in the district of Spartanburg, the region named. As a legislator he is possessed of eminent ability, and is probably one of the most effective workers in the South Carolina Senate. As Chairman of the Committee on Federal relations, he made a report on that part of the late Governor's (Gist's) Message which related to that subject, that no one could consider otherwise than as a most masterly document.

In addition to his very onerous duties in the Senate, which he manifests no disposition to less on, Mr. Garlington at ends to the still more onerous ones consequent upon his position as member of the Governor's Privy Council.

Personally, Mr. Garlington is the most modest of men; in his social bearing he almost exhibits the naïveté of a child. With a face rugged and determined as a lion's, he yet possesses the feminine types of mildness, light flaxen hair and pure blue eyes.

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Miscellaneous.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manner born."

Ardly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this 'aft noon, 'and I stepped into the 'hypo'cary's, 'and says hi to 'e man, "Can 'ou 'hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it 'itch 'ard?" says 'e. "Hex'cep'tionally," says hi, 'and 'e 'gave me a Cephalic Pill, 'and 'e 'on me 'e 'eadache so quick that I 'ardly realized 'ad 'an 'eadache."

HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention till too late to be remedied, and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is symptomatic of disease of the stomach constituting sick headache, of hepatic disease constituting bilious headache, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches. Anemia and plethora are also attended with Headaches, frequently occasioned by a too rich diet. Headache is also very common, being usually dismissed by the name of nervous headache, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health and protruding at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named Neuralgia.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the menacing index.

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Sick Headache,
CURE
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CURE
All kinds of
Headache.

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